McClure's Magazine.

Vol. X. MARCH, 1898. No. 5.

[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

ADVENTURES OF A FREIGHT ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"), Author of "On Many Seas."

WEARING OUT A NEW ENGINE IN ONE TRIP.—A MIRACULOUS RUN DOWN A MOUNTAIN.—FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON THE ROAD WITHOUT REST.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

WE had been having very poor coal; nearly all trains were losing some time, and the master mechanic had firemen "on the carpet" daily, jacking them up for a week or ten days, on account of their inability to make steam with material which, however suitable for roadbed ballast, was never intended by the Almighty for fuel. Owing to the expert skill of my engineer, I had not yet been put through that ordeal; we had managed to crawl in on time every day. But it was all we could do; an extra car or a hard-hauling train would surely have dumped us. Finally we made our first break, and it was a bad one. I couldn't keep her hot to save my soul. Jack favored her, and helped me all he could, but it was no use; she would lag in spite of all that I could do. I was ashamed and mad clean through, for we dropped twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes on the limited, and every minute of it for the want of steam! I foresaw a very interesting interview with the master mechanic when I should get back; my pride was hurt. I had been the only fireman so far who had not "dropped his bundle," and now I had done worse than any of them. I feared that I should be taken off the train altogether; suspended I knew I should be, possibly for thirty days. So it was with a heavy heart that I fired the old engine back, for I knew that excuses, however valid, didn't go with the "old man," his invariable reply to all such being, "That don't make any difference." I believe he would have said that if you had told him that the reason you didn't make time was because you lost all the wheels off the engine, and the way he said it was extremely aggravating; for he was boss, and it would do no good to talk back.

When we got to the round-house, my heart sank as I saw the foreman approaching me, looking grave, as though he didn't half like the errand he was on; for I had always been rather a favorite with him, and an example to be held up to the other firemen.

"The old man wants to see you in the office," said he.

"All right."

He was standing with his back to me, looking out the window, when I entered, but turned at once, and said:

"Well, sir?"

I told him I had been ordered to report to him.

"Oh, yes," said he; "freight is picking up now, and since Mr. Kimball's death we are rather short-handed; do you think you can run an engine?"

Heavens and earth, promotion! This was an agreeable surprise, with a vengeance. I knew the stereotyped question,

Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

"Do you think you can run an engine?" I had heard so many of the boys tell of it as part of their experience when they were promoted, and I knew, too, the stereotyped answer: "I dunno, sir; I never tried." I had always promised myself that when it came my turn to answer the all-important question I wouldn't say *that* anyhow; so after catching my breath a bit, I answered as bold as brass, "Yes, sir."

"Yes, I have no doubt that you can; I've had my eye on you ever since you came here, and with one or two exceptions your conduct has been very satisfactory."

AN EXAMINATION FOR THE POSITION OF ENGINEER.

He then proceeded to examine me on the locomotive: as to how it was constructed, and what I would do in various emergencies, the idea being to show how in case of a breakdown I would temporarily repair my engine, so as to get the train home with as little delay to the traffic of the road as possible; and although he suggested several mishaps the like of which I had never heard discussed before, I kept my wits about me, and satisfied him that I was to be trusted. He gave me some advice concerning my deportment towards the employees in the other departments of the service, assured me that as long as I was right he would stand by me,—which I am afraid made me open my eyes rather wide, for nobody ever heard of him standing by his men,—and then handing me a note to the train-master, told me to go and pass his examination and hurry back. "For," said he, "I shall want you to go out to-night."

The train-master tangled me up a little once or twice with his conundrums, and I feared I wasn't making a very good showing. He asked, for one question, what I would do if, when running a first-class train on a single-track branch, I had orders to meet and pass another first-class train at the junction of the double-track main line, and on arriving there, found that she had not yet arrived.

I answered that I would wait until she did.

"Suppose she was an hour late?"

"That's none of my business."

"What! would you hold those passengers there an hour with a double track ahead of you?"

I wasn't quite sure, but answered desperately, "Certainly, if I had orders to wait there."

He brought down his fist with a bang on the table, and roared out, "That's right; I want you always to remember that when an order is given to you, it's good until fulfilled, and is to be obeyed. I'll run the trains from here—that's what I'm hired for; I won't have conductors and engineers running trains.

"Now suppose you was running a first-class train, and you got a regardless order to run the opposite track to the next station, what would you do when you got there?"

"Cross back again, and proceed on my rights."

"What rights?"

"My time-table rights."

"Good agin! Some o' these fellers would wait there twenty-four hours for an order to put 'em on the time-table."

He kept this kind of thing up for a good hour, sometimes puzzling me considerably, but, on the whole, I didn't make any very bad breaks. At last, looking at his watch, he said, "It's dinner time. You can tell Mr. Seely that I'm satisfied."

At last! I had reached the goal for which I had toiled so long and so hard; and when I went back, reported to Mr. Seely, and got orders to take engine 80 at nine P.M., I was the proudest and happiest young fellow in the State.

STOP WHEN FLAGGED, WHATEVER HAPPENS.

It was the first winter after I was promoted; there had been a heavy fall of snow, and I was ordered to couple in ahead of a west-bound passenger train, to help the regular engine drag her through the big drifts. I had a brand-new engine, right out of the shop. It is desired that a locomotive's driving-wheel tires shall make if possible a hundred thousand miles before they are worn out. They become grooved by the wear on the rails, requiring to be turned off in the lathe twice, and occasionally three times. As this turning-off process is equivalent to many miles of legitimate wear, it is to be avoided as long as possible, and as there is always rivalry between the division master mechanics, the engineer who reduces the life of a set of tires is not to be envied. The division superintendent had the snow-plow out, and as it was working on our track, we got an order to run on the east-bound track to the next station, regardless of all opposing

trains, which means that the track was clear for us. The snow-plow crew had a flag out to protect themselves. The flagman heard me blow for a road crossing, and as all the landmarks were obliterated by snow, he was unable to say on which track we were coming, so, to be on the safe side, he flagged us anyway. The snow not being so very deep here, we were coming at a pretty good gait, and when he saw that the engines continued to use steam, he realized that the blinding snow made his signal invisible to the engineer, and jumped to the other side of the track, waving his flag frantically, and yelling at the top of his voice. My fireman happening just then to glance ahead, saw his gymnastics, and judging that collision must be imminent, yelled "Whoa!" and jumped off.

"WE FOUND GROOVES NEARLY A QUARTER OF AN INCH DEEP . . . IN THEM."

As I could see nothing, I shut off, blew brakes to the other engineer, applied my own, and then, as he had not heard me, and was still using steam, shoving me into I knew not what, I whistled to him again, reversed, and gave her sand, he still shoving me ahead as hard as he could.

My driver-brake being set and engine reversed, the big wheels were held stationary as in a vise, while she skated, grating and grinding along on the sanded rails. I knew I was playing havoc with those new tires; but what could I do? I expected every instant to have the end of a car come smashing into my cab. Again and again I blew the brake signal; the grade was in our favor, so that my partner was able to keep them going in spite of me, and he shoved the whole business clear by the snow-plow. Her crew, hearing my signals and seeing my wheels locked, managed to attract his attention, and at last we got stopped.

The superintendent climbed into my cab, and asked me if that fellow flagged me. I told him he did, and explained the whole affair. He understood, and said, "All right; there's no harm done. Go on." But I told him I believed there had been a good deal of harm done, and explained what I had done.

"Blow off brakes and turn her over," said he, "and let's see how she goes."

I did so, and you would have sworn that she had square wheels. When she came to the "flat spots" she seemed to drop a foot and come down on the rails like a house falling over; and then, when she went over them, she would raise herself bodily again as she came up on to the round surface.

"Stop," said the superintendent, "and let's get down and look at these tires."

We found grooves nearly a quarter of

"WHEN WE CAME POUNDING AND BANGING INTO THE YARD AT TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT DAY, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE . . . WAS AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL."

an inch deep and six or seven inches long in them. After a little consultation the superintendent ordered us to go on slowly to a junction ten miles ahead, where another engine could be procured to help the train, while I should ask for orders to dead-head home.

"And don't you run this train over six miles an hour," said he, "or you'll break all the rails and knock down all the bridges between here and M——."

I ventured to remark that I supposed I was done.

"What for?" said he, looking at me in evident surprise.

"For gouging those new tires," said I.

"No, sir; you're not done for that. You got a flag, didn't you?"

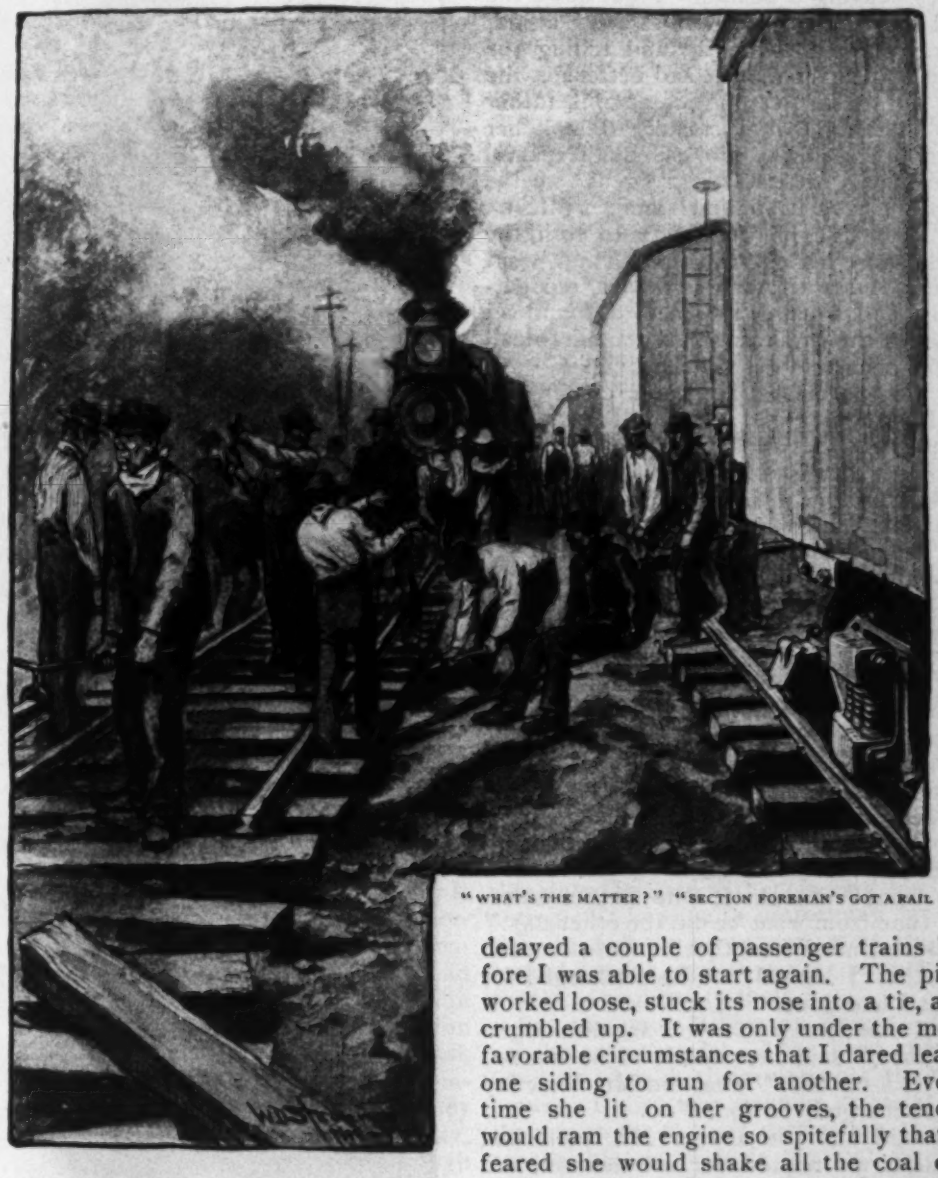
"Yes, sir."

"Well, let me tell you one thing. While I'm superintendent of this division, if you ever fail to use every means in your power to stop when you are flagged, I'll discharge you. These engines are to be used in two ways—to haul the trains, and to help stop them when necessary. I wouldn't care if you'd tied a hard knot in her, as long as it was done in an effort to stop when flagged. Go on now, an' get out o' here."

A ROUGH RIDE TO AN UNJUST DISCHARGE.

My fireman having returned, we started again, and of all the tough riding I ever did, the worst was done on that engine before I got her back to the yard. I used all the spare nuts and bolts that we had on both engines, replacing what she shook out and broke off before we got to M——. Then I gathered up all I could find in the round-house, and the fireman and I got

under her and riveted all the bolts down so the nuts couldn't get off; and having received orders to return "wild," we started. It was only thirty miles, but it was the longest and worst ride by all odds that I ever experienced; and I don't believe there are a dozen railroad men in the country that ever went through a similar experience—the antics that she cut up when coupled to the train were not a mark to her actions now.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" "SECTION FOREMAN'S GOT A RAIL UP."

We tied the bell fast "on the center." Before we had gone a mile, the sand-box cover left us somewhere, and before we had covered half the distance, the stack and head-lamp were both tied fast on the back of the tender. The whistle pipe broke short off in the dome, and before I got the hole plugged with a piece of broomstick, she had blown her steam down to thirty pounds; and as the injector would only work when standing still, I delayed a couple of passenger trains before I was able to start again. The pilot worked loose, stuck its nose into a tie, and crumbled up. It was only under the most favorable circumstances that I dared leave one siding to run for another. Every time she lit on her grooves, the tender would ram the engine so spitefully that I feared she would shake all the coal out of the gangways before we got home, for the fireman was about as badly used up as I was, and hadn't ambition enough to try to keep it back.

We were all night on the road, and when we came pounding and banging into the yard at ten o'clock the next day, a reception committee, composed of the master mechanic and every man in the department under him who could

possibly get there, was awaiting our arrival.

Within ten feet of where I intended to stop, the coupling-pin of the tender broke, and on her next leap ahead she tore loose from safety-chains and feed-hoses, leaving it behind. I got down the best way I could; for besides being killed, I was starved to death; and telling the round-house foreman he had better get the fire out of her, as the water was rather low in the boiler, I started to look her over, but seeing a broken equalizer, and immediately afterwards a break in the frame, I gave it up, and simply wrote on the slip, "Engine 207 wants to go in the back shop," filed my report, and went home. I stayed home two days, recuperating, and when I returned, I found an order in the engineer's box for me to call at the office and get my time.

I met the master mechanic coming out as I was going in. He didn't even look at me, but I called him by name, and asked why I was discharged. He stopped, looked at me a moment in superlative contempt, and said:

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't see how this company can afford to dispense with the services of such a valuable man as you are."

I said no more to him, but went at once to the superintendent's office. Fortunately, I found him in, and, for a wonder, unoccupied. When I presented myself, he looked up inquiringly, and without a word I laid the bill of my time on his desk. He looked at it, and said, "Well, what's wrong with this? Isn't your account all right?"

"Oho!" thought I, "he sings a different tune from what he did the other day." So I reminded him that he had promised me that I should not be discharged for what I had done.

"I don't know that you are discharged for that," said he, coldly, as he handed me back my bill; "what did Mr. Seely say he discharged you for?"

I told him the answer Mr. Seely had made to my request for information, and he promised to inquire into it, saying that he would be as good as his word and that I should not be discharged on that account. I asked him when I might expect to hear from him, and he said he couldn't tell, was very busy just now, but as soon as he had time.

I waited in suspense three weeks, and as it would soon be pay-day, I thought I had better find out if I was to sign the pay-roll for the last time or not. So again I called on the gentleman, and he told

"I SAW AHEAD OF ME A MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACK, LANGUIDLY WAVING A RED FLAG."

me, with a surprised look, that he had sanctioned my discharge ten days ago. He said the master mechanic reported that I brought the engine in a total wreck and

absented myself two days without leave, all of which I was obliged to admit; and as he considered that sufficient, I was graciously allowed to depart, with my hopes and aspirations suffering from a severe frost.

MERCY FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER.

As I was walking down the office stairs, I contrasted the superintendent's and master mechanic's manners with those of the general manager. I remembered that he had said to us, "Employees shall certainly have the right of appeal." I had appealed to him once, and got justice; why not try it again? As before, I had all to gain, and nothing to lose, and I would do it. I went to his office at once, and learned that he was out of town. But ten days later I called again. He greeted me with extended hand, and a hearty "Ah! good morning, Mr. M——. Fine morning; what can I do for you?"

I told him as rapidly and clearly as I could the whole story. He listened carefully without once interrupting, and when I had finished, he asked me what I wanted him to do. I was rather nonplussed at that, for I had hoped he would offer to do something himself; so I answered, somewhat sheepishly, that I didn't think I ought to be discharged, as I didn't consider myself to blame for what had happened.

"No," said he, "from your standpoint you certainly are not; but I suppose you know the old saying that one story is good until another is told. Not that I doubt your statement for a moment; but you know your conception of the affair is apt to be colored by your interest. It certainly is a very serious matter for an engineer to take out a brand-new engine and bring her back wrecked; still, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that you are not altogether to blame. I will look over the master mechanic's and superintendent's reports; and if I find that they do not conflict materially with your story, you will hear from me, probably through one or the other of them. Will that be satisfactory?"

Considering that it was all I had hoped to accomplish, I told him that it would indeed; bade him good-by, and withdrew, hope once more springing in my breast.

Two days later, on returning to the boarding-house for dinner, I was informed that the caller had left word that the master mechanic wished to see me in his office; so down I went, wondering what the verdict would be.

"Well, sir," said he when I entered, "have you got rested?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you can manage now to double the division with one engine?"

"Well, yes, sir, except under very extraordinary circumstances."

"Better not have any more extraordinary circumstances for a while; they don't pay. I don't believe you are any richer for the last one, and I know the company isn't. And now a word of advice: when you get in a tight place and have an engine with a power brake, don't reverse after setting your brake; or if you think she will hold more with the lever than with the brake, reverse her, and release your brake. When you have done either, you have done all that you can do, and sliding the wheels don't do any good, but just the reverse."

Being in the freight service, I got into those tight places, and experienced those hair-raising accidents, which are the particular property of freight crews. For the passenger trains run on schedule time; the road is theirs on their time; their engines and cars receive the most careful attention; station agents, switchmen, telegraph operators, track-gangs, and watchmen, and, in fact, all employees know when they are due, and look out for them —for to delay a passenger train for any cause is a serious offense; and then, too, the superintendent is apt to be riding on any train, and each and every employee, no matter how lowly his position, firmly believes that the "super" cannot possibly ride over the road without seeing him and noting just how he is performing his duties; so that the passenger trains are well looked out for, and it is very seldom that anything happens to them.

But the poor fellows on freight,—they are the ones that get all the hard knocks. Obliged to pick their way over the road between trains, they have no rights at all; they must get to their destination as soon as possible, or there is trouble; *but* they must not exceed the regular schedule of freight-train speed, no matter how good a chance they may have to do so; they must not run by slow signals faster than the rules allow, nor through yards, nor go by a passenger train at a station, even on the *off* side; and, over and above all things, they must never get themselves, or allow themselves to be put, in such a position that they will have to flag a passenger

train even for an instant. Track repair men and drawbridge tenders all commence to work as soon as the passenger train has gone, when along comes a poor fellow on a freight who has been twenty-four hours on the road and is trying to get home. He has barely time enough to get to the next siding to clear the following passenger train, and here's a red flag.

"What's the matter?"

"Section foreman's got a rail up," or "Drawbridge is open," or "Construction train is plowing off a load of gravel," or, in fact, anything. Consequently the freight, being unable to go, delays the passenger, the freight engineer is called to the super's office, all his explanations go for naught, and he is lucky if he gets off with a jawing and being told that he had no business there right ahead of a first-class train. And these are by no means a hundredth part of the little pleasantnesses that tend to turn a man's hair gray and make him wish he had been born a king.

A "BROKE IN TWO" ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

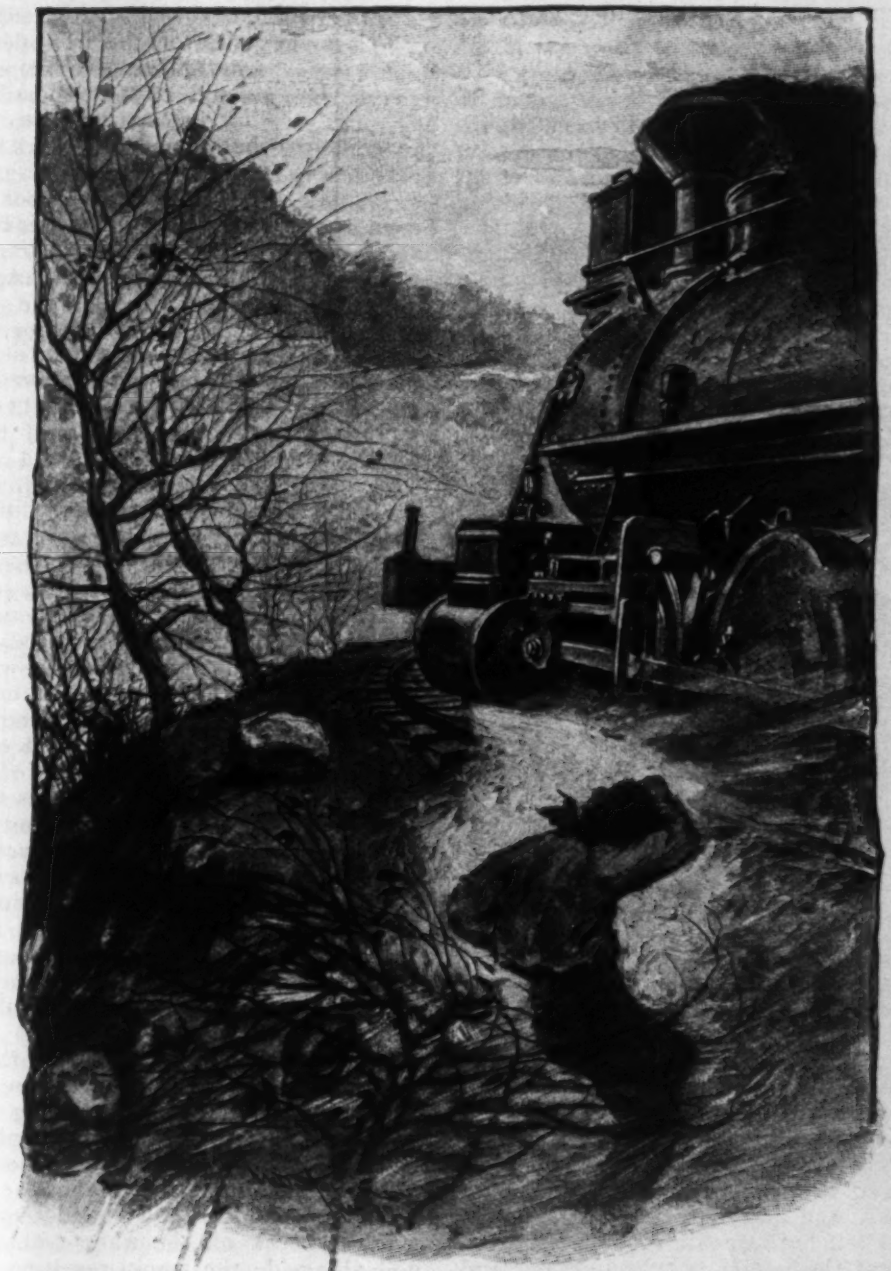
There was on our division a mountain, and the track down this mountain was about seven miles long, and at the top was a tunnel half a mile long, opening out on the down-hill side on a short curve, handy to look back on and see if your train was all together. The road down the mountain was quite crooked, as such places always are, and so steep that to take a train up its entire length without "doubling" was a feat to brag about. Halfway down, and hidden by a curve from both directions, were a station on one side and a freight-house on the other, and nearly all inward-bound trains had cars for the freight-house, which compelled them to cross over the outward-bound track to get to the freight-house siding. The switch to this siding was a "head-on" switch to the outward or down-hill track; and as that place came under the "yard-limit" rule, all freight trains were obliged to come in there dead slow, which they did. Consequently conductors had become careless, and were in the habit of leaving this head-on switch open after they went in, so as to be handy to get out again, and the flagman would go barely around the curve, so he could show his flag to any on-coming train, and stop them before they ran through the open switch.

On the day of which I speak, I had a heavy mixed train, among them being four cars of railroad iron just about in the middle, and when my engine plunged into the tunnel I shut her off; for she would roll all too fast after that and need a few brakes set. It was early on a summer morning, and I knew the crew were apt to be asleep in the caboose, so I called for brakes to wake them up, but it didn't have the desired effect. I looked back as I came out of the tunnel, and watched the cars following each other out until about half the train was through; then there came no more. I pulled out at once, and blew the "broke in two" signal again and again, all the time watching back for the rear end of my train. They must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us; for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet, the railroad iron in the lead. Again I pulled out for dear life, and blew my signal—not a man was out on the train, and as it all came through, the caboose (a little four-wheeled affair) was flirted off the track by the whip-like motion of the train in straightening out, and flying through the air, dropped into a river more than five hundred feet below. Now I was in a tight box, not a living soul to set a brake on those cars; for the entire crew, head brakeman and all, went down to death in their caboose.

A RIDE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clear through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back again as she struck the reverse end of the curve, and came down on her wheels with a crash that shivered every pane of glass and loosened every bolt and joint in the cab, until it was like an old basket, and rolled around with every roll of the engine—a new source of danger to me, for if it left her, it must surely take me with it.

I grabbed the whistle cord again as soon as I was able to steady myself enough,



". . . AND THEN I SWEPT BY LIKE A CYCLONE. HE HAD GOT THE SWITCH CLOSED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, . . ."

and frantically blew the "broke in two" signal, hoping that it would warn any one who might be in the switch that I was coming and couldn't stop.

I couldn't see ahead very well; for it seemed as if the wind was blowing a hurricane, and behind me I raised such a cloud of dust that I couldn't even see the rear car of the section I had. So I just hung on desperately, blew my warning signal, and watched the steam-gauge; and as the steam went down, I pulled the throttle out a notch at a time, until at length I had her wide open, hooked up within a couple of notches of the center, and the exhaust sounded like a continuous roar. And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track, languidly waving a red flag. Yes; it was all over with me now—the freight-house switch was open.

"THE CONDUCTOR CAME RUNNING OVER THE TRAIN, WAVING HIS HAT, AND YELLING FOR ME TO STOP."

Mechanically I again blew the signal; then realizing that I had not above half a dozen more breaths to draw in this world, a kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me—a desire to do all the damage possible with my dying breath, to annihilate everything from the face of the earth, as it were. Clutching the reverse lever with both hands, I with difficulty unhooked her, and dropped her down a couple of notches, and, fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the impetus of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.

Looking ahead again, I saw that the flagman had dropped his flag and was running at a breakneck speed for the switch. For a wonder they hadn't sent out the biggest dunce on the train to flag. He had sense enough, on seeing me coming and hearing my signal, to comprehend the situation, and wit enough to know the only right thing to do. To spur him on, I again blew what then sounded to me like the despairing death shriek of the iron devil I rode, and to give him every second of time possible I shut off my throttle, with the immediate result that the cars bumped up against the tender with a shock that nearly threw me over backwards; but I hung on, and watched that man eagerly as he flew with all the speed that was in him for that switch. What if he should stub his toe, as men so often do under like circumstances? It would mean death for me before I could close my eyes; and, even then, I remember thinking how fortunate it was for me, that owing to the proverbial laziness of flagmen, he hadn't gone out as far as the rules required, but had stayed near the switch.

I saw him reach it, and stoop down, clutch the handle, and at the first effort fail to lift it out of the notch in which it lies when the switch is open; and then I swept by like a cyclone. He had got the switch closed just in the nick of time, and the rush of wind from the passing train hurled him down a fifty-foot embankment, bruising him and tearing his clothes, but fortunately doing him no serious injury.

I saw in the siding the engine that I came so near hitting, and the engine and train crew out in the field, staring with blanched faces; one laggard just tumbling over the fence as I whirled by. I heard a crash, and, looking back, saw that the corner of the head car had rolled over far enough to break off the water-crane that stood alongside the track, resulting in a bad washout before they could get the water shut off. I breathed much easier now, and it was with a light heart that I pulled up the lever again and gradually opened her out. I was running through a yard where the rules required me to reduce speed to six miles an hour, but a train going sixty-six could not have kept up with me.

There was a passenger station at the foot of the mountain, and looking at my watch, I saw that a train was just about

due there; so again I began to blow my signal to warn them to look out for themselves, for the station was on my side of the road, so that passengers and baggage had to cross my track. Yes, there she stood as I came in sight—a little three-car local. Again I blew to them to make sure that they understood what was going on, although I could see that the track ahead of me was clear, for the operator at the preceding station, with rare presence of mind, had telegraphed ahead that I was coming, "broke in two;" and fast as I went, the message beat me, and though I couldn't hear it for the infernal roar and clatter, yet I saw, in answer to my own signal, two short puffs of white steam from the engine's whistle, which meant "All right, come along." And come along I did, I have no doubt to the amazement of those passengers, who certainly never saw a freight train wheeled at that rate before. The agent had a truck-load of baggage ready to take across as soon as I passed, but the suction of the train drew the whole business under the wheels, and it disappeared. He was discharged because the superintendent said he was a fool.

The engineer of the local told me afterwards that all he saw was the front end of the engine, with my face at the window; then there came a big cloud of dust and a roar, followed directly by another roar as the rear section passed him, and that was all he knew about it.

I was now down the mountain, thank heaven, and on level ground, but the rear section wasn't, and I hadn't the least idea how far it was behind me; so I kept the old girl waltzing as fast as I could—which wasn't very fast, as my steam was down to sixty pounds. I didn't dare get down and look at my fire, for fear of being killed in case the rear section caught me, which was now more imminent than ever; as, while I was losing way on the level ground, their speed would hardly be checked at all.

Suddenly rounding a curve, I saw a man standing by the switch of a long siding, giving me a frantic "go ahead" signal. At that sight my spirits rose about two thousand per cent., for I knew I was saved.

Giving him an answering toot toot, I dropped my reverse lever down in the corner, and pulled her wide open to get as

"THE SUCTION OF THE TRAIN DREW THE WHOLE BUSINESS UNDER THE WHEELS, AND IT DISAPPEARED."

far from the rear section as possible, and give him all the chance I could to throw the switch, after I had passed on the main track, and throw the rear section in on the siding.

This siding itself was on a large curve, and I found before I had gone a quarter of its length that it was partly occupied by a number of loaded coal cars. Now here arose another new combination. There was going to be a wreck on that siding, and I might get caught in it yet; for if I didn't get far enough away from the point of collision, some of the cars would be apt to pile over on top of me; and then again, if, in my haste to get out of the way, I got to the further switch at just the right time, they might be shoved out, and ram me. You see, it frequently happens on the railroad that you have to think of several things at once, and not be very long about it, either; and the result of my rapid thinking on this occasion was that I had done enough towards saving the company's property for one day, and that now was a good time to look out for myself a bit.

I pulled her over and "plugged" her; but as my steam was low, I concluded she would stop herself quicker shut off, so I shut her off; and while I was waiting for her to slow up enough to give me a chance to jump on the left side, the crash came.

There was a great smashing and grinding and piling up round the curve behind me; but where I was, the cars merely ran together with a great ker-bump and rattling of links and pins, which I could hear continuing on round the curve ahead as the lost motion between the cars was violently taken up. After the noise stopped a bit I started to back up, when remembering that in all probability the opposite track was blocked by the wreckage, I ran ahead, instead, to the next station, and notified the agent to hold all trains until further orders.

I then reported to the train-despatcher by wire, and he ordered me to cross over to the other track and run back to the wreck, find out how the tracks were, and report to him from this station, the agent keeping the track open for my return.

The agent, a bright, ambitious young fellow, who is now a division superintendent on the same road, helped me to fire up, and back I went. I found, as I had expected, that both tracks were blocked, the wrecked cars being piled in heaps, mixed and tangled with the railroad iron that had composed part of my train, while coal, flour, agricultural machinery, and all sorts of merchandise were scattered all over the ground.

FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON DUTY.

Our lives were not, as you may have been led to suppose, all made up of accidents, by any means. They were varied by long spells of semi-idleness when freight was slack, or being worked to death when it was running heavy, for at such times it is not admitted that men need rest or sleep. On one occasion, on arriving at the end of the division, after a particularly tedious trip, I was ordered to return at once sixty miles down the road to bring up thirty cars of coal as fuel for the engines. "And hurry up with it; we want it." I protested that I was tired and unfit to go, but was told there was nobody else; so I coaled, watered, and oiled up, got the caboose, and started.

When I got there, I found four hours' switching (for which you don't get paid) to get my train together; but at last we got started. On my trip back I had a hard hill to climb. No one had ever taken thirty cars of coal up that hill, but I didn't know that; for if I had, I would have allowed for the contingency of doubling the hill, both in my water calculation and in estimating my time ahead of the passenger trains. I knew, of course, that it would be a hard tug up there, so I cautioned the fireman to get a good welding heat on her. I got as much water into her as she would stand, and, after oiling the cylinders, took a run for the hill.

We had just taken the hill nicely when the conductor came running over the train, waving his hat, and yelling for me to stop. Not knowing what might be the matter, I shut off; when he came up and said he had a hot box on the last car. Perhaps I didn't read the riot act to that conductor, to stop me right at the foot of the hill for a hot box, when, if he knew anything, he knew that long before I could get up there he would be able to walk alongside the car and pack it.

The damage was done, though; so I told him to cut the train in two, and I would take my end up while he packed his box. By the time I got my train together again on top of the hill, I had barely water enough to reach the next plug; the fire was in bad shape, and not so very many miles behind us there was a mail train. So the situation resolved itself into this: that with barely water and time enough, and a poor fire, I needed to make an extra

good run of fifteen miles. I was far from happy, especially as I could see the steam dropping with the regularity of clockwork, though the fireman was working like a slave. About half-way to where I had to go was a little station, with a cross-over

"I WOULD . . . MOVE THE CARS HALF AN INCH TOO FAR, SO I WOULD GET A SIGNAL TO GO AHEAD A BIT."

switch, and a slight grade against me. I humored her all I could to get over that little lump, for then my immediate troubles would be about over. It was not to be, however; she gave one expiring gasp and died before reaching the summit.

The thing to do now was to back across out of the way of the mail, which was nearly due, but there was also a train due on the other track; and as their time of passing this station was only about five minutes apart, the conductor, in obedience to the rule made for just exactly such emergencies, went into the telegraph office to find out if either of the trains was late; for if one was late, we might take advantage of that fact to avoid delaying them both.

They were both on time, and while he was telegraphing both ways to ascertain that fact, the mail came up behind us and stopped.

In a big hurry now the switches were opened, and I was signalled back. As it was slightly down grade, I merely gave them a little kick, and away they rolled. As I went past the conductor, I asked him if he had a man on the rear car to set a brake and stop them after I got across. He said yes; but he lied, and I thought so at the time.

When the engine was over all clear, I called for brakes, but I got no brakes; and they were rolling faster than ever, and, in the meantime, the other passenger train had arrived and stood facing me. It was now dark, so that all I could see was lamp signals; again and again I called for brakes, but there was no one on the train to set them; the mail had gone, and I ought now to be crossing back again out of the other fellow's way. If I stopped them with the engine, the chances were ninety-nine to a hundred that I should break them in two. It was the only thing to do, though; so as gently as I could I checked them, and, as I fondly hoped, pulled my whole train across out of the way. But, alas! the caboose and two cars had broken off and rolled away down the grade, no one could say how far. So I had to back up again, clear of the switch, cut off the engine, and go back after those cars. There was nobody on them, and the caboose lights had not been lit, consequently it was a hunt in the dark; and as

one of the things you mustn't do is to run into and wreck your rear end when going back after it, I had to go very carefully, while all this time the passenger train stood there waiting. At last I got them, pulled them across in a hurry—although, to be sure, it was hardly worth while to hurry now—and after the passenger train had gone, I shoved them back over the switch again, pulled up the train, shoved it over and coupled them all together, and pulled them back on to my track again.

OUT OF WATER, AND THE LIMITED COMING.

I was now nearly out of water, and in less than an hour the limited would be on top of us. The next water-plug was five miles away; I cut the engine loose and ran for it, took half a tank as quickly as possible, and started back after my train. Though I came back whistling for a signal, the first thing I saw was the station lights. The crew were all in there having a smoke; "didn't expect me back so soon," they said. I tried my best to stop, knowing that I must be close to the train, but I hit it hard enough to break the draw-bar in the car, and by the time they got that fixed up there was no earthly hope of getting to the next siding ahead of the limited. So once more I backed over that cross-over, but not until I saw a man swinging a lantern on the last car.

After the limited got by, we pulled across once more, and by this time it was doubtful if I had water enough to get to the siding; but as we had all night before us now, I let her take it easy, and got there after a while, with the tank dry and the boiler not much better. I got down to oil while the fireman was taking water, and discovered that the link lifting-spring was broken; and while I was looking at it and wondering how that could have happened without my knowing it, the head brakeman came up with an order for me to weigh that coal.

My back was almost broken, and I was more than half dead with fatigue and worry, and now I had to weigh thirty cars of coal without a lifting-spring.

There was a way freight engine lying in a spur back of the station, so I telegraphed to the train-despatcher, telling him how I was fixed, and asking permission to use that engine to weigh the coal with. The answer I got was short, but not sweet: "Use the engine you have." Back I went to the yard and weighed that coal. In order to back her, I had to brace both feet against the front of the cab, and, pulling with all my might, raise the heavy links; then, perhaps, I would have the misfortune to move the cars half an inch too far, so I would get a signal to go ahead a bit, and on unhooking the lever it would fly forward with such force as nearly to jerk me through the front windows.

I got the coal weighed sometime and somehow, coupled on to them, and the conductor, coming ahead, began to tell how far we could go if we hurried up and got out ahead of train 12; but I cut him short by telling him to go in the office and tell Chicago that I couldn't go another foot until I got five or six hours' sleep. Off he went grumbling, but came back in a few minutes. "Chicago says, 'All right. Go to sleep.'"

I pulled them into a convenient siding, picked as smooth a lump of coal as I could find in the tender, upholstered it with waste, and spreading my coat on the foot-board for a mattress, dropped the curtain, and curled myself in the short, inconvenient, hot, and dirty cab for a few hours' rest (?) to the tune of the fireman's grumbling. After some time I dozed off—as it seemed, for about a minute. Then somebody was shaking my shoulder and calling, "Hey!" I looked up dazed into the face of the fireman. "Seven's just gone, an' if we follow her, we can go right in."

Seven was the midnight train out of Chicago, and if she had gone, there would certainly be ample time for us to get in before the first morning train arrived. I was too dead to look at my watch, so I took the fireman's word for it, and we were soon jouncing along at a fairly good gait. I was still sleepy and dead; had to keep my head out in the sharp morning air to keep awake at all. Arrived at a water-station about half-way, I told the fireman he had better fill the tank, as there could hardly be enough in it to take us through. While I was oiling, the conductor came up and asked if I was going to sidetrack there. I looked at him a full minute before I could get it through my head what he was driving at. Then I told him, "No, certainly not; why should I sidetrack here?"

"How fur ye goin' fer Seven?"

"All the way."

"What time's she due here?"

"Fifty-seven."

"What time ye got now!"

I looked at my watch; it was forty-eight. I asked the conductor if we were clear of the switch.

"Yes."

"Have you got it open?"

"Yes."

"Well, gimme a signal."

I jumped on the engine, and with the conductor giving a back-up signal, I jolted those cars into the siding fully as fast as it is safe to back over a frog, and called the flag just in time to prevent Seven's engineer from getting a sight of it, though he saw the man, and told me afterwards that he "guessed" I hadn't been in the switch "more'n a week."

Then the fireman and I had a little argument as to what it was that he saw when he thought Seven had passed us in the yard. The only passenger train on the road at that time was one going the other way. After I had proved it by the time-table, the fireman finally admitted that I was right. He had been boring the flues while I was asleep, and he had also been figuring in his mind as to what would be the best time for us to leave, and decided that if we followed Seven we would be all right, which was perfectly correct; then, with his mind full of Seven, he got down to put away his flue-rod, and hearing a train go by, thought, of course, it must be Seven.

After Seven got away, we proceeded to our destination without further mishap, shoved the train away, and gave up the engine to the hostler. Having been fifty-two hours on her without rest (for the short term of comparative quiet in the yard could not be so termed), I entered on the register this request: "Have been fifty-two hours on duty. Do not call me until I have had eight hours' sleep,—9.30 A.M."

I had just dropped off when I was rudely shaken by the caller, and saluted with "Hey! hey! are ye awake now? Come, I've been callin' ye fer ten minutes; you're wanted for a stock train. Hurry up now; your engine is all ready; train's standing on main track waiting fer ye." When I got my wits collected so as to realize who I was, and who he was, and what he was talking about, I asked him the time.

"Ten-fifteen."

"What! have I only been forty-five minutes off that engine?"

"That's all."

Without another word I tumbled back on the pillow and pulled the bedclothes over my head, but he understood his business; he had been calling unwilling railroaders for four years, and wouldn't be denied. For a while he shook and pleaded with me, and then realizing the seriousness of the case, he snatched off the bedclothes. That was the last straw. I jumped out of bed and made a dive for him; but he had often seen that done before, and was outside the door before I could reach him; and with a parting shot through the crack of the door, "Hurry up now, they're waitin' fer ye," he left.

I gathered up my bedclothes and again crawled uncomfortably into bed, but just as I was beginning to get my ideas into a pleasant state of haziness once more, the door was fired open with a bang, an Indian yell greeted my outraged sense of hearing, and rolling over, I beheld the exultant countenance of mine enemy, safely outside the door this time, and holding up for my inspection a sheet of dirty yellow-colored paper, which I knew was a telegraph form. "Read that, now, an' see if ye'll get up or not."

I took the paper and read: "Engineer M——, don't you delay this stock train. W. S. B."

A combined order and threat from the train-despatcher, signed with the division superintendent's initials, which are always used by the despatcher on duty,—a peremptory order, to be unquestioningly obeyed. I borrowed the caller's pencil and wrote underneath the order: "W. S. B.,—I have been fifty-two hours on duty, am unfit to take stock train or any other train. J. B. M." I handed it to the caller, and telling him that if he disturbed me again, even though the house should be afire, I would brain him, I once more retired; and although I had no doubt that I had signed my death-warrant, I slept the sleep of the utterly weary.

In answer to the expected letter, I called on the superintendent when I returned, and got my medicine,—thirty days' suspension for refusing to obey an order. I was lucky to get off so. He told me that all that saved my job was the fact that an engine came in off the branch opportunely and brought the stock train through. The fact that I was physically incapacitated did not justify me in refusing that order *with his initials attached.* I have always had an idea, however, that my troublesome habit of appealing to the general manager had as much to do with preventing my discharge as the arrival of the engine off the branch.

Copyright, 1897, by Herbert E. Hamblen. Mr. Hamblen's next paper will relate his experiences as a passenger engineer.—EDITOR.

AN EXPERIMENT IN BURGLARY.

By H. Hobart Nichols.

I PUT aside my morning paper as the breakfast bell rang.

"Well, dear, what is the news?" inquired my wife when we were seated at table.

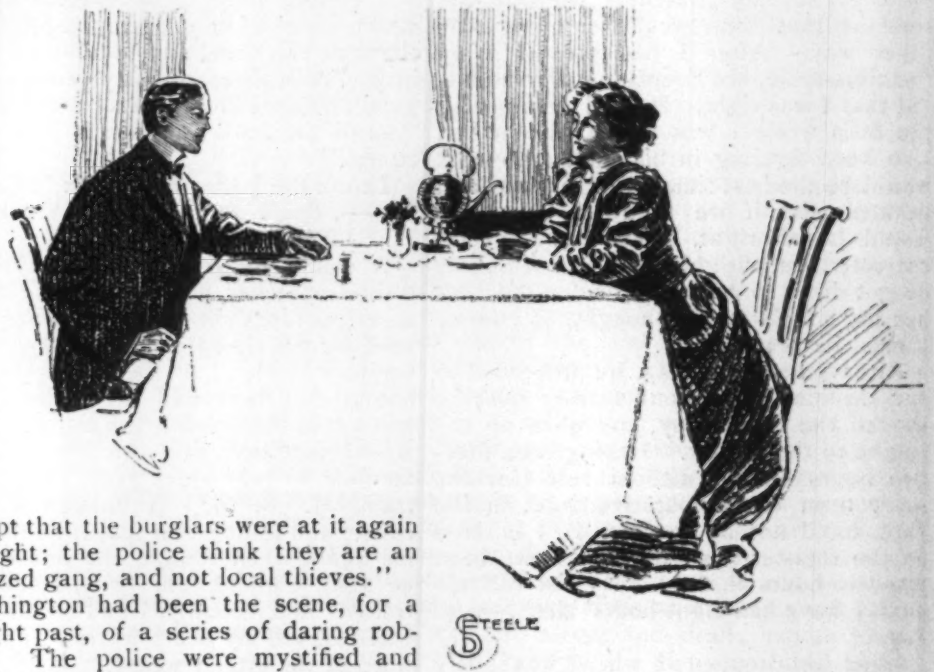
"Nothing very startling," I replied, "except that the burglars were at it again last night; the police think they are an organized gang, and not local thieves."

Washington had been the scene, for a fortnight past, of a series of daring robberies. The police were mystified and seemed to be unable to get the slightest clue to their movements.

"I think, my dear," I continued, "that we had better put our silver in a safe deposit until these fellows let up, for it seems that they are too much for the authorities; I should not like to lose it, and the fact that we have quite a tempting lot was well advertised in the society columns at the time of our marriage."

"Nonsense, George," replied my wife, who is not easily alarmed. "Do you suppose those men ever read of what is going on in society? At any rate, no one could enter this house in the night without arousing me; and, if they did, they would never find the silver in that clever little device of yours—how could they?"

"My dear, you don't seem to understand how clever these professional burglars are; and as for your hearing them, that's absurd. You have always labored under the delusion that you are a light sleeper, I know; but you are mistaken. Why, I'll wager I could break in and rifle the house myself from top to bottom without your knowing it."



"I THINK, MY DEAR, . . . THAT WE HAD BETTER PUT OUR SILVER IN A SAFE DEPOSIT."

This last statement naturally piqued my better half.

"I'll wager you a new silk hat that you could not," she retorted positively.

"I accept the challenge," I replied, lightly; "what do you want if I lose?"

"Oh, as far as that goes, the satisfaction of being right will be quite enough for me, George."

"Nevertheless," I laughed, although at the time I had not the slightest intention of trying the experiment, "nevertheless, I agree to add another piece of silver to your collection if I lose the wager."

After breakfast I went to my office as usual, thinking no more of the conversa-

tion just related. Very likely it would not have occurred to me again, preoccupied as I was with work that would keep me until late that night, if my wife had not alluded to it as I was about to leave the house after dinner.

"I have been thinking over our conversation at breakfast," she said, "and I am more positive than ever that we need not worry about our valuables. The slightest sound is heard all over the house, and one of us would be sure to hear if anyone attempted to enter in the night. Good-by, dear. Don't work too late; it isn't good for one with your nervous temperament, you know," she added teasingly.

I smiled at her pleasantry, and went my way.

As I put down my pen that night, with the satisfaction one feels when conscious of having performed a duty well, I glanced at my watch, only to discover that it had stopped at three minutes past midnight. How much later it was I could only infer. It was no unusual thing, however, for me to remain out late, and Alice, being as amiable as she was sensible, never made me feel uncomfortable by sitting up for me, as is the custom of some doting young wives. So I had no misgivings on her account as I started to return home.

It was later than I had supposed, for the cars had stopped, and I had to walk the half mile or so to my house. It was a warm October night, and a fine mist had settled over the city, obscuring the faint light of the stars. The street lamps made great ghostly blurs as they melted in the distance, and the buildings grew more and more vague and shapeless, until they became part of the haze. The silence was profound, the streets almost deserted, and the houses I passed dark and gloomy as so many tombs.

"What a perfect night for a burglar!" I reflected; and with the thought came the recollection of my conversation with Alice at breakfast and her complacent boast. Why not put her to the test?

"I'LL WAGER YOU A NEW SILK HAT . . ."

"By George," I exclaimed, half aloud, as the suggestion materialized into a plan, "I'll do it; and if I succeed, won't I have the laugh on Alice in the morning!"

I had once, having mislaid my keys, managed to effect an entrance through one of the dining-room windows. I would do the same to-night, remove the silver from its hiding-place, conceal it elsewhere, let Alice herself discover its absence, and, after enjoying her discomfiture, tell her the whole story and claim the victory.

To be sure, there was the possibility of failure. I might awaken Alice and frighten her out of her wits, for I had all a man's skepticism as to a woman's courage in the face of danger. Still, I would not admit that it was more than a shadow of a possibility. The more I thought of it, the surer I felt of myself.

As I walked on I found myself entering into my *rôle* with zest and enthusiasm. As detail after detail presented itself, an unholy delight in my own cleverness possessed me; and as I reached my house and tiptoed around the gravel walk to the side and rear, all my senses were keenly on the alert, and my heart beat with a lawless excitement not felt since the days when robbing corn-fields and watermelon patches formed the chief joys of my innocent boyhood.

Trying the blinds of the dining-room windows, I at last found one that was not merely loose, but unlatched.

"What carelessness!" I reflected; "but so much the easier for me."

Opening it noiselessly, I was further surprised to discover that the window was raised. Plainly, I reflected, the servants must not be trusted to lock up the house hereafter. Glancing into the room, I saw that everything was as usual; the drop-light burning dimly on the table, as was always the case when I was out late, in view of the nocturnal luncheon with which I endeavored to repair my wasted energies. After listening a moment, I pulled myself up, thrust one leg over the window-sill, and was half way in the room, when I was confronted by a

"'WHAT A PERFECT NIGHT FOR A BURGLAR!' I REFLECTED."

man—a burly fellow—who loomed suddenly out of the semi-darkness, and, leveling a revolver at me, brought me to a standstill. To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly; and I have no idea what I should have said or done had not the ruffian inadvertently given me my cue, which I am proud to say I was quick-witted enough to follow.

"Git hout o' this, yer bloat!" he growled, in a deep, low voice, and with a decidedly Cockney accent. "This his my game, hand I don't need hany o' yer hassistance. When I git through yer can 'ave wat's left."

I saw in a flash that the fellow mistook me for one of his own craft. My first impulse was to obey his injunction to "git hout" as speedily as possible, and return promptly with a policeman or two. Then I thought of Alice. Suppose the fellow went up-stairs before I got back and she should see him. With all her boasted nerve the shock would be terrible. No, I must not leave the rascal. He was probably one of the gang who had been operating in Washington lately. If I were only cool enough and clever enough I might be instrumental in lodging him, and possibly his pals, in jail, where I certainly wished him at the moment. To do this I must fall into the *rôle* of real burglar, to which the fellow had assigned me, and in some way bend circumstances to my purpose. But though I had never in my life thought so rapidly or so much to the point as I did in the ten seconds I was looking into the barrel of that revolver, I confess I could not see my way clear; however, something must be done, and quickly. So with a wink and a swagger I motioned the revolver aside, and, pulling myself into the room, remarked in a cautious tone:

"Come now, my lad, don't be a fool. I've been watching my chance to crack this crib for some time, and now that I am here I don't mean that you shall stop me."

The fellow glared at me for a moment, then lowered his weapon and hoarsely responded:

"Well, don't 'rouse the 'ouse. I suppose we'd better do the job t'gether than git jugged."

Evidently no doubt of my belonging to his noble profession had yet occurred to him; but I realized perfectly that the smallest mistake on my part might arouse his suspicion. I saw at a glance that he was of a low, brutal type, and that my only chance lay in convincing him that I was the superior cracksman of the two.

"Never mind who I am," I replied to his inquiry as to my identity. "If you weren't a stranger in these parts I think you'd know me. Been taking a nap?" I continued, noting that he had secured nothing so far. "Where's your swag?"

"I jest got hin, but I'm 'anged if I sees hanythink now's I'm 'ere," he replied sullenly.

I glanced about, remarking that there didn't seem to be much in sight, and suggested that perhaps the house contained nothing worth taking, hoping that I might discourage him so that he would leave without further search.

"None o' your Yankee tricks with me," he growled, and his tone was threatening; "yer knows there's a good 'awl to be made, or yer wouldn't be 'ere. Didn't I see in th' papers that these young uns were jest marrit an' they got a 'eap o' silver give 'em?"

Even in my perturbed state of mind I felt a satisfaction in knowing that I was again right—burglars did read the society

column. I made a mental note of the remark for the further humiliation of my wife.

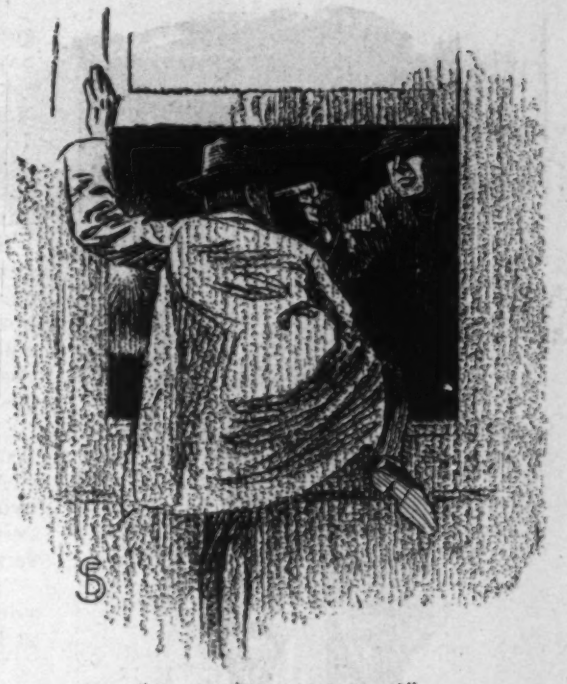
"You're right," I whispered, with a sly grin that cost me a tremendous effort (and I may as well add that my enjoyment of the *rôle* had ceased from the moment when the amateur became the professional), "they've got plenty of stuff, and we've only got to find it."

He began pulling open drawers and closets, tossing the table linen into a heap on the floor and upsetting things generally. For some moments he worked on stealthily, I apparently assisting him, my mind revolving plan after plan for bringing the situation to a desirable end, without, however, arriving at any decision.

I felt perfectly easy as far as our silver was concerned; no one not in the secret could possibly discover its hiding-place. But another anxiety was sending the blood to my brain. Suppose, finding nothing, the fellow should propose going up-stairs? Scarcely had the thought entered my mind when, with an oath, he turned from the open drawers and growled:

"They hain't nothink down 'ere; we'll 'ave to go hup."

For a moment I was staggered; then,



"GIT HOUT 'O THIS, YER BLOAT!"

"I guess you're right," I said. "But you'd better let me go alone; I'm lighter on my feet."

In our upper hall there is a messenger call; it was in the house when we moved in. Regarding it as a disfigurement to the wall, we had meant to have it removed; but how glad I now was that we had procrastinated can be imagined.

Breathlessly I awaited the villain's answer. He fixed his beady eyes on me; then, with a cunning leer:

"I'll go halong too," he said; "yer might need protection, yer see."

He was troubled by no misgivings regarding my knavery, but evidently he did not believe in the adage that there is honor even among thieves; he was fearful lest I cheat him out of what he considered his share of the plunder. It seemed clear that the only way to keep him down-stairs was to give up my cherished plate. Perhaps if I had had more time I might have thought of another plan; but there stood the burglar, eying me suspiciously, and

"HE BEGAN PULLING OPEN DRAWERS . . ."

"HE APPEARED . . . WITH A PIECE OF PIE IN HIS HAND."

"You har a rum 'un, you har! Was goin' to keep hit all to yerself too. Say! 'owd yer git hon to it?" he asked, with a touch of deference in his manner.

"Oh, I'll divvy the silver, but I'll keep my knowledge to myself," I replied jocosely, for I wanted to keep him in a good humor.

So far so good; but what I was to do next I had not the slightest idea. Ideas came and went confusedly as I watched him stowing away our silver in a sack which he drew from beneath his waistcoat. Again the man unwittingly suggested my course.

"Say, you tap the top o' the crib while I stow haway this swag."

At last, though he had the silver, it was evident that I had his confidence. Perceiving my opportunity, I was quick to seize it.

"All right; but how do I know that you won't skip with the silver while I'm at it?" I replied.

"Do yer take me for a bloomin' hinnocent in harms?" he grinned. "Dimons an' watches his worth 'avin'."

I felt convinced of his sincerity; so, slipping off my shoes, I pushed aside the portière and went into the hall. At the foot of the stairs I paused; if I the crisis was at hand. I am a small man, more of a student than an athlete; the burglar was a big fellow, with fists like sledge hammers—and a revolver. So, inwardly cursing, but assuming a patronizing and reckless air, I said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to let you into this, after all. You English chaps are a thousand years behind the times. You're not onto our Yankee notions, I see."

I began moving along the wall, feeling the paneling, until I came to the corner near the door; here I stopped and looked at him; he was watching me intently. I pressed one of the beads in the molding, and instantly two of the panels slid apart, disclosing a tempting array of household silver.

"Well, I be blowed!" ejaculated my colleague aloud, forgetting caution; and without delay he deftly began pulling out piece after piece.

"'I'M NOT THE ONE,' I GASPED."

aroused Alice she would suppose rightly that it was I, and would certainly speak; the fellow would hear her and bolt with the silver. I dared not risk it. Instead, I went through the library into a little room where my telephone is located. Closing both doors behind me, and putting my hand on the bell to muffle the sound, I rang up Central.

"What is it?" came the answer.

"Give me the Sixth Precinct quickly," I whispered.

I waited an interminable time as it seemed to me, then the same voice said:

"Can't get them; the wire's out of order."

My heart sank within me; but I stated the circumstances as briefly as possible to the operator, requesting that he send word to the police. I knew that there was nothing left for me to do but keep the fellow occupied until the officers arrived, but I had small hope of succeeding. Stealing back to the dining-room, I was bewildered to find that the burglar had vanished; but there on the floor lay the bag of silver. Presently, however, I heard him in the pantry, and a moment later he appeared in the doorway with a piece of pie in his hand.

"Where do they keep the liquor?" he grumbled; then, seeing my hands empty, he inquired:

"What luck hup-stairs?"

I shook my head. "Nothing there worth taking."

His brows knitted in a way that expressed plainly that he doubted me. "I——"

"Hist!" I interrupted. "What's that?"

There was certainly a noise outside.

My surprise was genuine, for it did not seem possible that my summons could have been answered so quickly.

The burglar sprang forward and turned out the light, at the same time making a grab for the silver. I was there before him, however, and, bag in hand, made a rush for the hall, threw open the front door, only to find myself seized instantly by two officers of the law.

"IT REQUIRED ONLY A FEW WORDS FROM HER TO CONVINCE THE OFFICERS OF MY IDENTITY."

"What's your hurry?" coolly remarked one of them, snapping a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"I'm not the one," I gasped; "he's in the dining-room."

"You'll do," replied the man; "better give over that bag; you won't need it."

"I am the proprietor of this house, and this is my own silver," I protested indignantly. "For heaven's sake, go quick and capture that ruffian in the dining-room."

"Come, we know you, and we don't want any of your old tricks; you can tell us those fairy tales later," said the first officer, going through my pockets with professional ease.

In my agitation I did not hear Alice come down-stairs, and only knew that she was present when I heard her excitedly corroborating my statements. It required only a few words from her to convince the officers of my identity, though evidently against their will; for they continued to eye me with suspicion, and removed the handcuffs with undisguised regret, as Alice subsequently asserted. When one of them finally concluded to investigate my statements regarding the real burglar, and made a rush for the dining-room, it hardly need be added that the bird had flown.

The piece of pie on the table, minus a large semi-circular portion, and the disordered room, were the sole traces of his presence, if one excepts the bag containing his intended plunder.

"SHE HAD BEEN AROUSED BY NOISES DOWN-STAIRS."

After partaking of the refreshments which I felt it proper to offer them, the minions of the law departed, still chuckling over the events of the evening and their denouement.

"How perfectly dreadful to find that revolver thrust in your face!" said Alice, sympathetically, as soon as we were alone, "and how splendidly you behaved all through, you poor dear old George!"

"Yes," I acknowledged modestly, "it was a trying situation for one of my 'nervous temperament.'"

Alice gave me an affectionate tap on the cheek.

"And if my policemen had not appeared with such amazing alacrity, you might have lost both your husband and your silver, my dear; for that fellow was getting very ugly."

"*Your* police," replied my wife, smiling.

"The police I telephoned for," I explained.

Alice continued to smile.

"But they were not your policemen, George; they were mine."

It was now my wife's turn to assume a patronizing tone—and she did it.

It seemed that she had been aroused by noises down-stairs, and, being convinced that there was a burglary in progress, like the brave little woman she is, had gone to the messenger call and summoned the police; then, putting on her wrapper and slippers, quietly, if not calmly, awaited results.

The next day Alice was the happy possessor of a silver tea urn.

THE START.

From a photograph by Mr. A. Machuron, who, as the representative of Mr. Lachambre, the maker of the balloon, accompanied Andrée to Danes' Island and assisted him in making his start. Reproduced from the Paris "Illustration."

LETTERS FROM THE ANDRÉE PARTY.

THE BALLOON EXPEDITION TO THE POLE.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE START BY ANDRÉE'S FELLOW-VOYAGER, NILS STRINDBERG.—LETTERS RELATING TO THE EXPEDITION FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

ON the 11th of last July, one Sunday afternoon, S. A. Andrée, with two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, ascended from Danes' Island in the balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle) and sailed away northward, hoping by this untried means to reach the North Pole. Daring even to foolhardiness as Andrée's project may well seem, it had been very coolly and prudently matured and systematically prepared for. Andrée was born in Sweden October 18, 1854, and is now, therefore, forty-three years old. He is a carefully educated mechanical engineer and man of science. From 1886 to 1889 he filled a chair in the leading Swedish school of technology; he passed the winter of 1882–1883 in Spitzbergen, as a member of a Swedish meteorological expedition, directing experiments and observations in atmospheric-electricity; and he has held for some years an important engineering post under the Swedish government. In 1876, while on his way to America, to serve the Swedish exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition, he was impressed with the seeming regularity of the trade winds, and thus was led to consider the possibility of balloon voyages across the Atlantic. His coming to America augmented also in another way his interest in ballooning. In a little speech spoken by him into a gramophone, for use at a Swedish Aid Society's fair holding in Brooklyn while he was preparing for his journey to the Pole, Mr. Andrée said:

"It is a great pleasure for me to be able to contribute to the Swedish Aid Society's Fair. I have been in America myself, and have experienced how hard it is to be without work. I was glad many times

to make my living by wielding a broom. In spite of that, I have many pleasant recollections from that time, because I learned a great deal while staying there. It was there I met the old aëronaut John Wise from Philadelphia, and it was there I got the first lesson in the manufacturing of balloons. For me is America, therefore, indeed memorable, and the Americans can rest assured that I should like very much, if I could, to visit them with my balloon *via* the North Pole."

A. S. ANDRÉE.

From a photograph by G. Florman, Stockholm.

Early in 1895 Mr. Andrée laid his ideas for a balloon expedition into the Arctic, then pretty well matured, before the Swedish Academy of Science. Later in the same year he presented them in England before the International Geographical Congress. He estimated that he would require for his project a little over $36,000. In time the money was provided, mainly by the generosity of Mr. Alfred Noble, who died, however, before Andrée could make his start; Baron Oscar Dickson, who died soon after the start; and the King of Sweden. Andrée had now been studying balloons with great care for some years. He had himself made a number of ascensions, and he had had some very thrilling and dangerous adventures. With the money he required made secure, he set about the construction of a balloon especially suited to his purpose.

NILS STRINDBERG, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.

From a photograph by G. Florman Stockholm.

THE BALLOON.

The "Ornen" was built by M. Lachambre, the well-known balloon-maker of Paris, at an original cost of $10,000. The balloon proper was originally ninety-seven feet through from top to bottom; and, at the widest part, sixty-seven and a quarter feet through from side to side. After the failure to make a start in 1896, Andrée decided to enlarge it, and it was carried back to Paris, cut in two at the middle, and an additional section inserted about three and a quarter feet high. The perpendicular diameter was thus increased by about that much, but the horizontal diameter remained as before. By this enlargement the volume of the balloon was increased 10,600 cubic feet, becoming in all 170,000 cubic feet. It is made of silk—three thicknesses through the upper two-thirds, and two through the lower third, all varnished twice over, inside and out. Over all the seams are laid protecting strips, and to doubly insure tightness these were varnished at the edges, just before the start, with a varnish especially devised for this use. There are two valves about half way up the balloon, nearly, but not quite, opposite each other; and there is a third at the bottom. The latter works automatically; the others are controlled by ropes attached to them on the inside and coming out of the balloon at the bottom beside the third.

The balloon is encased in a heavy netting of hemp, woven above, with much intricacy, of 384 separate ropes, and ending below in forty-eight "suspension" ropes, to which is attached what is known as the "bearing-ring." This ring is a part

of great importance; it is to the balloon much what the keel is to a ship. It is about seven and a half yards in circumference, is made of wood, and is braced with cross-bars.

To the bearing-ring is attached the car, or basket, by six ropes, each about one and a fifth inches in diameter. These ropes are knitted into the wall of the car, and fastened securely at the bottom of it. Above the car they are encircled and braced by five horizontal ropes, equidistant from each other, which thus form a series of guard-rails. Above these, about six and a half feet from the roof of the car, is yet another; it is much shorter, and draws the suspending ropes into a circle of about half the diameter of that made by the lower ones.

KNUT FRAENKEL, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.

The car is cylindrical in form, about six and a half feet in diameter and five in depth. It is of wicker, woven over a frame of chestnut wood. Iron and steel were avoided in its construction, lest they might disturb the action of the magnetic instruments with which the balloon is equipped. At one side, on the lower edge, the car is sheared, or beveled, away, in order that on landing it may strike more gently and not be overturned. Well up in the wall of the car are two small windows closed with glass, and near the bottom are two openings closed with wood, while through the roof is a trap-door. The whole car is covered with tarpaulin.

The interior of the car is chiefly for rest and retirement. The place for work and observation is the roof. Here is erected a sort of swinging gallery, free at the bottom, so that it may remain horizontal under the tip of the balloon, and shielded somewhat from the weather by a curtain of tarpaulin. In this gallery were placed the scientific instruments: thermometers, barometers, cameras, and so on—a full equipment; and here two of the aëronauts would keep an outlook and manage the balloon, while the third took his rest in the car below. A sleeping-bag (a hair-mattress encased in reindeer skin) occupied the middle of the car; and all about, in ingenious compartments, were stored books, maps, instruments, toilet articles, kitchen utensils, arms, ammunition, and what not.

The main places of storage, however, were the bearing-ring, which with its cross-braces formed a sort of garret floor whereon were stowed various tools and

DANES' GATE, NEAR WHICH THE ASCENSION WAS MADE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

UNLOADING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

implements, such as shovels, anchors, and reserve ropes; and the spaces between the forty-eight suspension ropes above the bearing-ring. Securely hung in these spaces were forty-eight large, strong cloth sacks, divided into numerous compartments. In twelve were stowed sledges, boats, sail-yards, and kindred articles; in thirty-six were stored provisions.

ANDRÉE'S PROVISIONS.

Andrée's store of provisions, since his fate became so much of a mystery, has grown to be a subject of great interest. Thousands of letters, from all parts of the world, have gone to the Academy of Science at Stockholm asking about it; and finally, in order to satisfy public curiosity, King Oscar of Sweden requested Dr. Beauvais of Copenhagen, head of the house that supplied Andrée, to make a report on the amount of provisions he carried. Dr. Beauvais has just reported as follows:

"The Andrée expedition has provisions for nine months. All the boxes in which the conserved food is kept were made of copper, as iron would have had a disastrous effect on the magnetic instruments carried by the expedition. To occupy as little space as possible they were made square instead of round. The food consists of every kind of steaks, sausages, hams, fish, chickens, game, vegetables, and fruit. If these provisions have been saved, together with the food which the explorers can procure through fishing and hunting, they have sufficient provisions to last them two years.

"The expedition is also furnished with a new kind of lozenges of concentrated lemon juice. This is the first time these have been used by Polar expeditions, and it is expected they will absolutely prevent every attack of scurvy.

"Finally, the expedition is provided with twenty-five kilos [about fifty-five pounds] of thin chocolate cakes, mixed with pulverized pemmican. To preserve this food against dampness it is packed in pergament, covered with stannine, a brittle metal composed of tin, sulphur, and copper, and inclosed in air-tight boxes. Nansen's expedition was also provided with this food, and it was found to be both nourishing and pleasant to the taste."

Even a means of cooking was not lacking from the outfit. A stove about ten by seventeen inches, heated by a spirit lamp, was carried along; and, in order to avoid the danger of using it near the gas of the balloon, it was so devised and placed that it could be lighted and operated hanging twenty-five feet below the roof of the car.

To aid in steering and controlling the balloon, Andrée devised an apparatus of sails and guide-ropes—three sails, presenting to the wind when full-spread a surface of 800 square feet; and three guide-ropes, one about 1,017 feet long, another about 1,042 feet, and the third about 1,205 feet. The ropes trail from the bearing-ring, and are attached to it in such wise that they can be shifted from point to point; and by thus shifting them, the

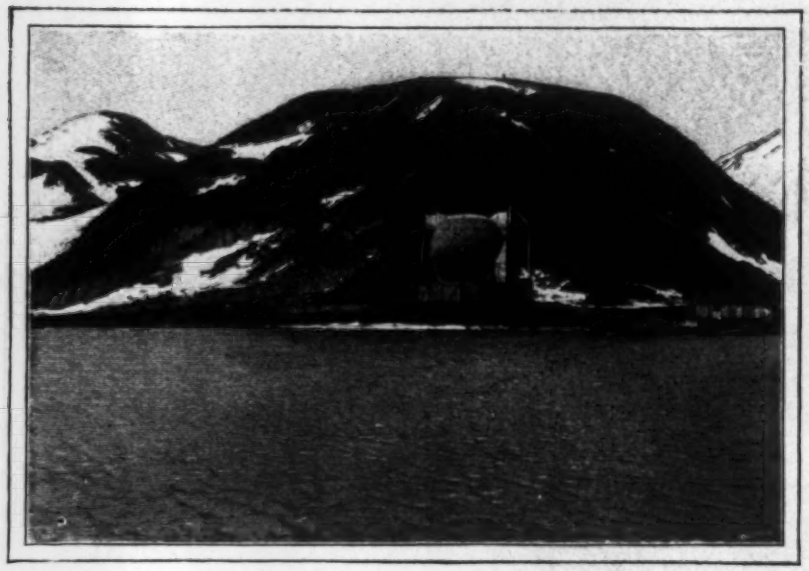
SLEDDING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP TO LAND AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

theory at least is that there can be a corresponding shift made in the course of the balloon. The sails are hung two from bamboo spars projecting from the bearing-ring, and one above the bearing-ring between the suspension-ropes.

LANDING THE BALLOON AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



VIEW OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE AND THE BALLOON.

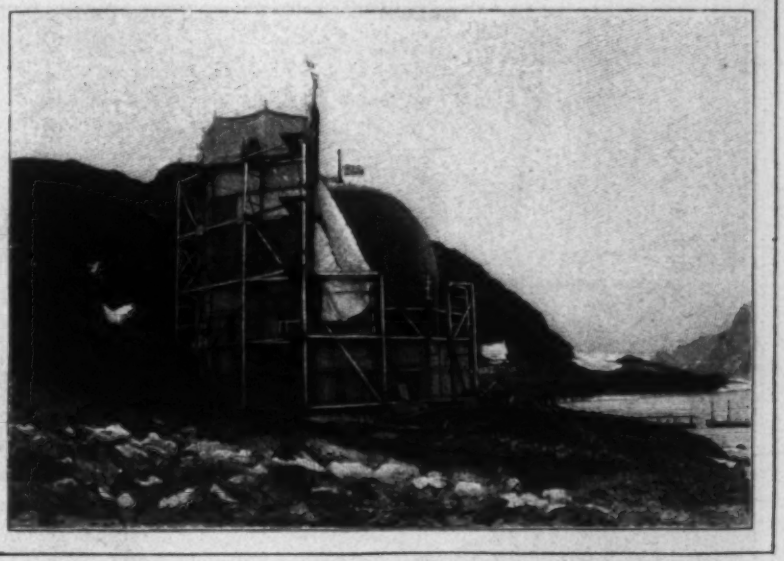
Part of the walls of the balloon-house have been torn away, in order to let the balloon out at the ascension. From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

Andrée's first design was to sail in the summer of 1896. The balloon and all stores and appliances were conveyed to Danes' Island; a balloon-house was erected, and engines set up for producing hydrogen gas and inflating the balloon. All, indeed, was made ready; but the south wind they wanted for the start did not come. They waited for it until the season had advanced too far for a safe venture, and then they came back to Sweden. In May, 1897, they returned, and by July 1st again had everything ready for a start. And again the south wind refused to come. They had to wait ten days for it. We have a very interesting view of the party at this trying time, as well as a full account of the work they had had to do in getting ready, in the following letter, written by Andrée's companion, Nils Strindberg, to his brother in New York and not before published:

LETTER FROM NILS STRINDBERG.

"Yes, now the folks at home believe us to be ascended. From Anna I had no letter, and papa was very doubtful about his letter reaching me. But alas! it is true that we have not yet departed. As you have probably heard through the papers or letters from home, we anchored the 30th of May in 'Virgo Harbor,' after having been detained by the ice in Danes' Gate. It seems to have been an exceptionally mild winter. There is considerably less snow this year than last, which still was milder than the average winter. The balloon-house stood when we arrived, but was so damaged by the winter storms that it was on the verge of collapsing. But one must remember that it was only calculated to remain for one summer. With the aid of tackle and buttresses it was soon fixed, and June 14th we brought the balloon from the 'Virgo' to the balloon-house. On the 16th the balloon was stretched out on the floor, which had been covered with thick coarse felt. The 'Virgo' left Danes' Island on the 16th. And now we had our hands full to make the balloon tight and to inflate it. To make it tight we had to varnish all the seams on the outside as well as the inside. In order to varnish the inside the balloon is partly inflated with air by a large bellows, and the workmen crawl in through the lower opening. Svedenborg, Fraenkel, Machuron, and myself take turns in the superintending of the inside varnishing. The interior of the balloon is a very strange sight. It looks like a low vault of stone masonry. . . . There we were, eight men, each with a pot of varnish and a brush, and varnished every seam of the upper half of the balloon. The varnish makes the air very bad, and after some time one begins to feel a pain in one's eyes as of onions.

"On Saturday, the 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning, the hydrogen apparatus was started and put in connection with the balloon, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, between the 22d and 23d, it was inflated. Then it had to be tested as to its tightness and the principal holes fixed. This was done by a new method invented by Mr. Stake. It is simply to allow the few particles of hydrogen sulphide, which



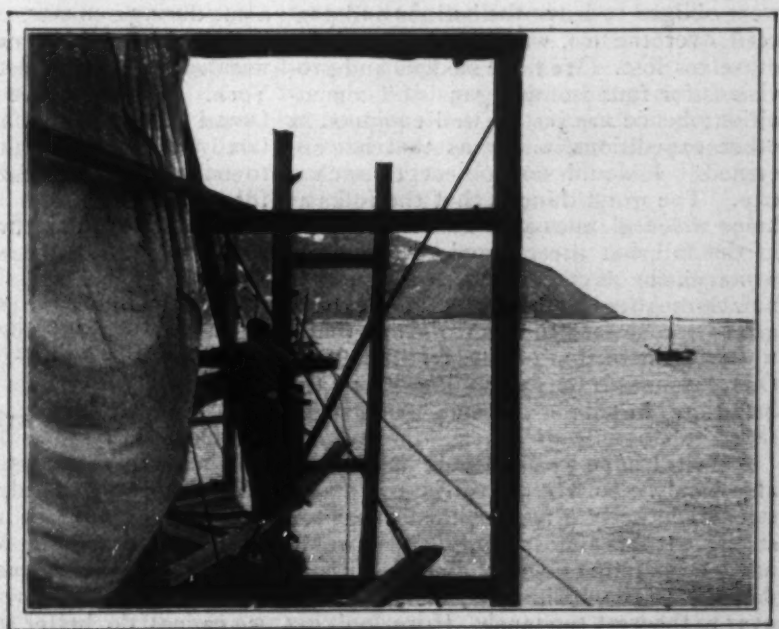
TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

are always produced with the hydrogen, to accompany the hydrogen into the balloon. If pieces of muslin saturated with a solution of acetate of lead are put on the balloon, the smallest leakage may be discovered by the escaping hydrogen sulphide, which causes the muslin to turn black. This method proved to be very practical, and we discovered several small holes which could be fixed. During these operations one walks around on top of the balloon, which only yields imperceptibly. . . .

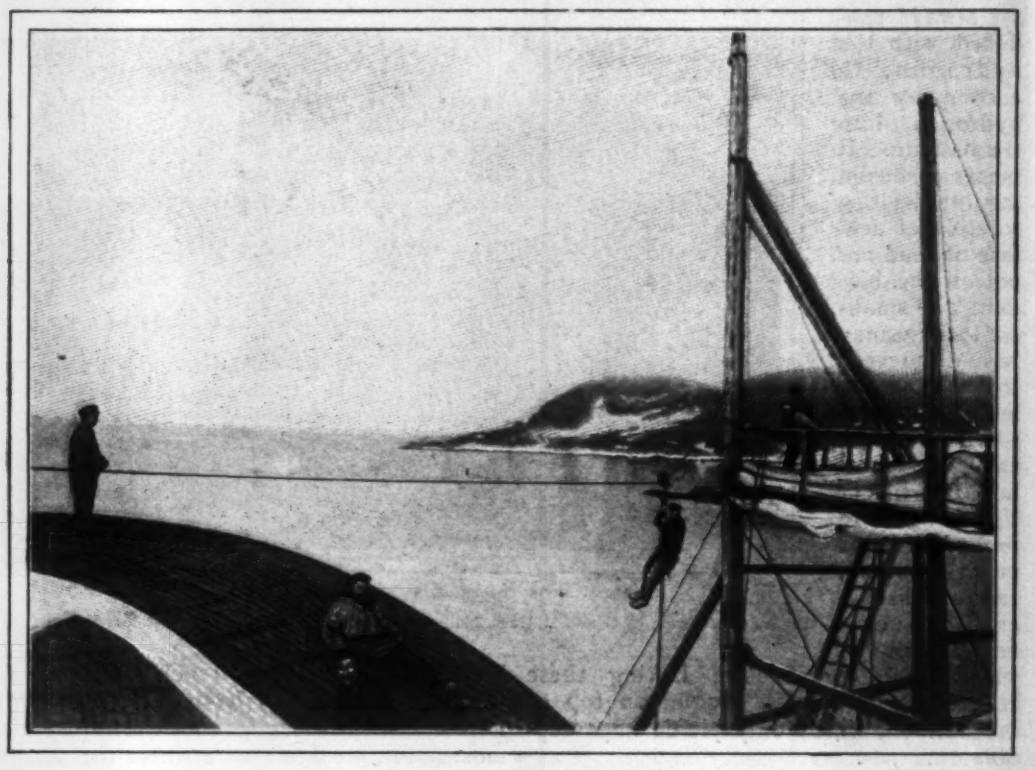
"After these preparations we have succeeded in getting the balloon in pretty good shape; at all events much better than last year. It loses daily about forty-five kilos [a fraction over ninety-nine pounds] in carrying capacity; but as we have possibilities of throwing out 1,700 kilos [about 3,748 pounds] of ballast, we will easily float for more than a month.

"We do not intend to start until we get favorable wind, to avoid being pushed right back to Spitzbergen by contrary winds. If we get the right wind, we ought to be able to go some distance in these thirty days. With a fairly strong wind we will make from ten to twenty knots an hour, and will reach the Pole, or a point near to it, in from thirty to sixty hours. Once having reached the northernmost point, we don't care where the wind carries us. Of course we would rather land in Alaska, near the Mackenzie River, where we would very likely meet American whalers, who are favorably disposed toward the



TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



GETTING ON TOP OF THE BALLOON TO LOOK FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

expedition. It would really be a glorious thing to succeed so well. But even if we were obliged to leave the balloon and proceed over the ice, we shouldn't consider ourselves lost. We have sledges and provisions for four months, guns and ammunition; hence are just as well equipped as other expeditions as far as that is concerned. I would not object to such a trip. The worst thing is that the folks at home will feel uneasy if we don't appear in the fall, but are obliged to spend the winter in the Arctic regions. My body is now in such good condition, and I have got so accustomed to the Arctic life, that a winter up here don't seem terrible at all. One gets used to everything. But the best thing would be to come home in the fall. . . .

"Well, I hope we shall soon have favorable winds. On the 8th of July we had a strong southerly wind, but then it was too strong. It was almost a gale, and it would have been impossible to ascend without damage to the balloon. Later it shifted over to the west too much. If we don't get a southerly wind before the 15th of July, we intend to try with a southeasterly, to be carried north of Greenland, and there possibly utilize the south winds which, according to Lieutenant Peary, are prevalent during summer.

"Well, good-by now, brother; just wonder if we will meet next time in New York. Send my love to Uncle and Aunt Outad and the boy, also to the Ellnrod family. Tell them that nowadays I write to nobody but my *fiancée*. Got no time for more.

"Your brother,

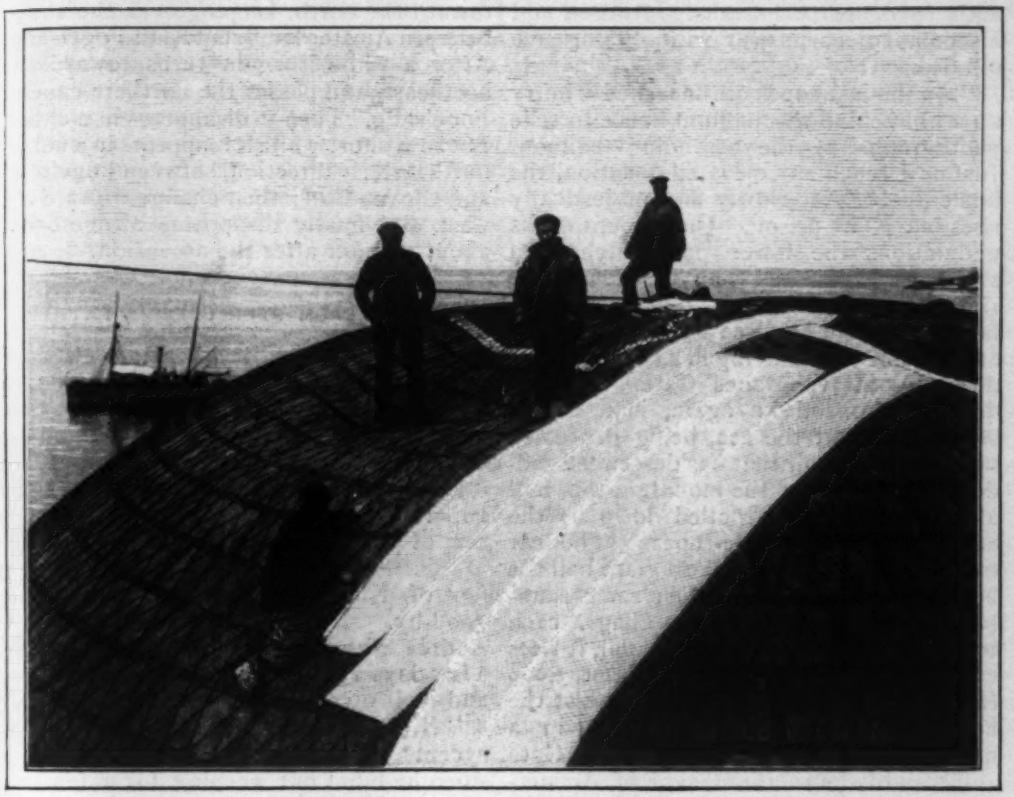
"NILS.

"The 'Lofoten,' which arrived this morning at seven o'clock, has left already at ten; so this will have to go by the next mail."

THE START.

When the members of the party arose on the morning of July 11th, they sent up a joyous cry of "A strong, steady wind from the south!" What followed this bestirring announcement has been very well described by one of the party, and we cannot do better than to quote his account:

"After a short discussion on the morning of the 11th, Mr. Andrée and his com-



EXAMINING THE BALLOON FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

panions decided to ascend as soon as possible. Now followed some hours of great activity. Everyone felt perceptibly the importance of the moment, and all demonstrated this in an excellent way. Through the roaring storm, which so powerfully pressed against the balloon-house that it cracked and squeaked in all its joints, Mr. Andrée's powerful voice was heard, now from the outside, now from the inside, and now again from the top of the colossal building, giving orders and superintending the last preparations for this long-planned journey, which had cost so much effort and so much anxiety and for which so much was risked. All that was invested in the undertaking could still be lost at the very start.

"The wind is roaring, and the gigantic balloon pulls and pulls at its anchorage, sometimes with threatening force. Heavy clouds come tearing down from the mountain tops; a sudden gush of wind strikes the house, and it crashes more than ever. One of the poles at the upper balcony, to which canvas is fastened for protection against the wind, yields to the pressure and falls over the balloon, and might cause the whole expedition to come to naught, did not quick hands check it in its fall. The whole thing seems to hang on a hair. But Andrée does not seem at all excited. He takes in every detail of the preparations, and gives his orders, which are carried out rapidly and carefully.

"In about an hour's time the north wall of the house is torn partly down, and all hands are called to assist in raising and managing the balloon. Finally there is nothing left to do but attach the car—an extremely difficult job, as the raised balloon sways to and fro more than before. But even this is accomplished successfully, and now, about three and one-half hours after the work began, our three daring countrymen are ready to start on their hazardous journey. A few moments for the last farewells, and Andrée with his two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, jumps aboard the 'Ornen,' and orders are given to cut the retaining ropes. The captain of the 'Svensksund,' Count Ehrensvard, proposes a 'long life' for Mr. Andrée, which is given

with four hearty hurrahs. Andrée and his companions answer with, 'Long live old Sweden!'

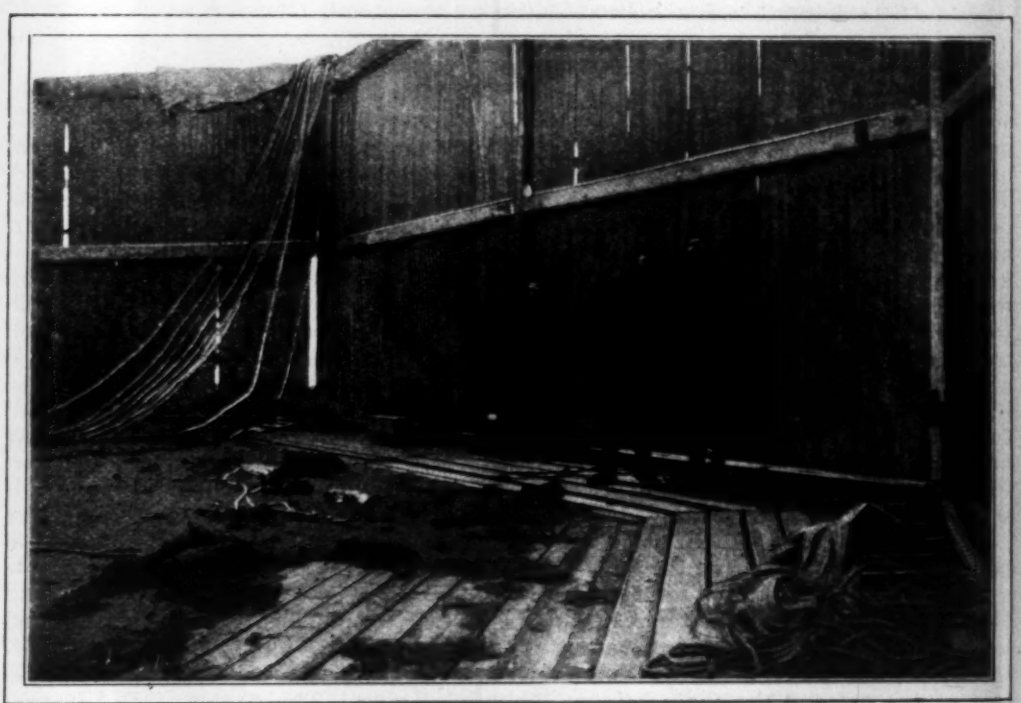
"As the last ropes are loosened I hurry up a hill behind the balloon-house to take photographs of the ascending balloon. Just as I reach my elevated position, the immense balloon slowly and majestically rises out of its prison. On account of its undulations the lower part catches on something connected with the house, but slips off again the next moment, and the balloon rises to between 600 and 700 feet, at the same time moving in a northeasterly direction out over Danes' Gate. But suddenly it drops down again, in a course straight toward the sea, being depressed by a current of air that has descended suddenly upon it from the mountain top, and also being somewhat pulled down by the catching of the guide-ropes. The car touches the waves; but like a giant ball the balloon rebounds, and when some sand-bags are thrown out (nine bags, each weighing about forty-two pounds), it rises until it reaches a height of about 3,000 feet. Then flying free, it continues at the height of about 3,000 feet, first in a northeasterly direction over Danes' Gate and toward the southern cape of Amsterdam Island. This it passes, and then turns toward the north, keeping over the sound between Amsterdam Island and Fogelsang. After a while it again turns toward the northeast, and passes the northern cape of Fogelsang. Then it disappears in a cloud. But in a short while it reappears in a north-northeasterly direction, between Fogelsang and Cloven Cliff; then changes toward the west, and finally disappears altogether—about an hour after the ascension."

LETTERS FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

Nils Strindberg's brother in New York received from his father, in Sweden, a number of letters written about the time the expedition started and a little after, that give interesting information regarding it and its members. We print here the important parts of these letters, no portion of which has been published before:

"On Saturday [May 8th] we have a few of Nils's friends for dinner to say good-by. But we are not able to have Andrée with us, because his mother died a few days ago from paralysis of the heart, and he is now down to her funeral."

"Nils was calm all the time [May 15th] except when he was leaving the house, when he burst out weeping for a few moments. He is indeed a man, for he left



THE DAY OF THE START. ANDRÉE, STRINDBERG, AND FRAENKEL INSIDE THE BALLOON-HOUSE AFTER THE BALLOON HAS RISEN.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

the dearest he has on earth [his *fiancée*] to carry out a great idea, and therefore I do think we shall see him back again, after a successful trip. Andrée was as calm as a summer sea."

"It was so strange [when a picture of the ascension reached them]; all the time one could imagine the 'Ornen' soaring away over the ice and snow towards the unknown—to land where? and when? and how? And then?"

"The day after Anna [Miss Chaslier, Strindberg's *fiancée*] accompanied me into the city to meet Svedenborg. Of course it was very interesting to hear eye-witnesses relate the story, although not much was told that had not been in the papers. Both Anna and myself had letters from Nils written the morning of the ascension-day: calm and sure as always. It was Nils who called out 'Long live old Sweden' when the balloon rose out of the house. The last words Andrée was heard to utter were 'What was that?' when the balloon caught somewhere for a moment. Svedenborg had saved, and presented to Anna, the sand-bag Nils cut off at the start. I got another. Anna also got the pigeon, in a small cage, with the message. It was brought out in the country and well cared for; but when we moved to the city, she followed my advice and had it killed and stuffed—and soon she will have it back in flying position as a permanent souvenir from the dearest she has, poor thing."

"And so one has to go on and hope for a year at least; and even after that don't draw too unfavorable conclusions, for they may have long distances to walk before they reach inhabited places."

"At present I read Nansen's book with great interest, and in my thoughts I place 'the three' in the same or similar situations. Since they have rifles and sufficient ammunition and the necessaries for a journey over the ice and a stay over the winter, I suppose they can do it, although with difficulties to overcome."

"Andrée and Nils, whom I know best, are such characters that, if possible, they make the impossible possible; and they have surely intelligence enough to figure out the best way of getting out of their emergencies. Andrée's ideas and Nils's Anna are two mighty levers and self-protections, and the love of life will help along too."

ANDRÉE, FRAENKEL, AND OTHERS WATCHING THE BALLOON AS IT SWAYS UNDER THE STRONG BLASTS OF WIND ON THE DAY OF THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

WHERE IS ANDRÉE?

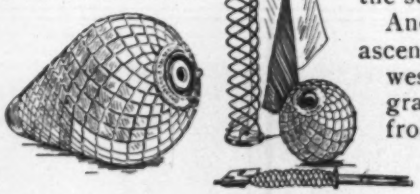
By Walter Wellman.

ON the morning of July 15, 1897, four days after Andrée started from Danes' Island in his balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle),

A GROUP OF ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEONS. HE TOOK THIRTY-TWO.

hoping to reach the North Pole, a carrier-pigeon lighted in the rigging of the sealer "Alken," then cruising in the vicinity of Spitzbergen, and was shot. Attached by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon was found a small tube, or envelope, sealed at one end with wax. On the envelope was inscribed:

"From Andrée's Polar Expedition to the 'Aftonbladet,' Stockholm. Open the envelope on the side, and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to the 'Aftonbladet,' and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper."



SPECIMENS OF THE BUOYS CARRIED BY ANDRÉE, TO BE DROPPED AT THE PARALLELS OF LATITUDE HE CROSSED.

On opening the envelope, no message in shorthand was found, but one in ordinary writing was found, which, translated, reads:

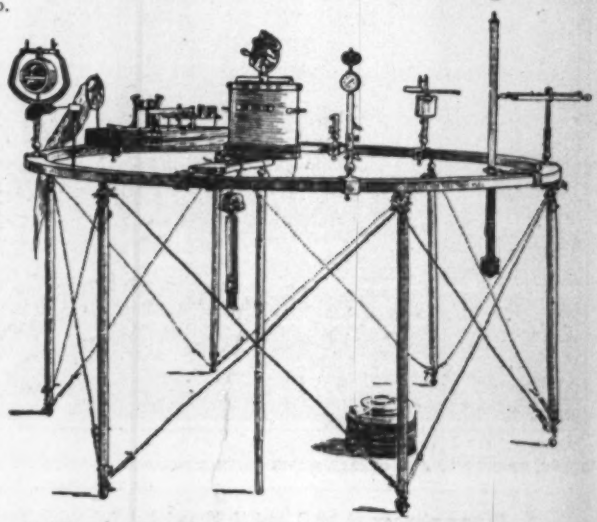
"*July* 13, 12.30 P.M.

"Latitude 82° 2′; longitude 15° 5′ east. Good progress eastward, 10° south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon despatch.

"Andrée."

The handwriting was Andrée's, and the pigeon bore on her wings the identifying marks that had been placed, before the expedition started, on all the pigeons that Andrée took with him. So there can be no doubt of the genuineness of this message. But beyond it, no word or trace of Andrée has been vouchsafed us since he left Danes' Island. Late in the autumn the Swedish government sent the steamer "Victoria" into the North to search for the aëronauts, but the search was fruitless.

Andrée's balloon made its ascent at Danes' Island, northwest Spitzbergen, 618 geographical or 710 statute miles from the North Pole. According to the reports of eye-witnesses it sailed aloft in a wind which was blowing from



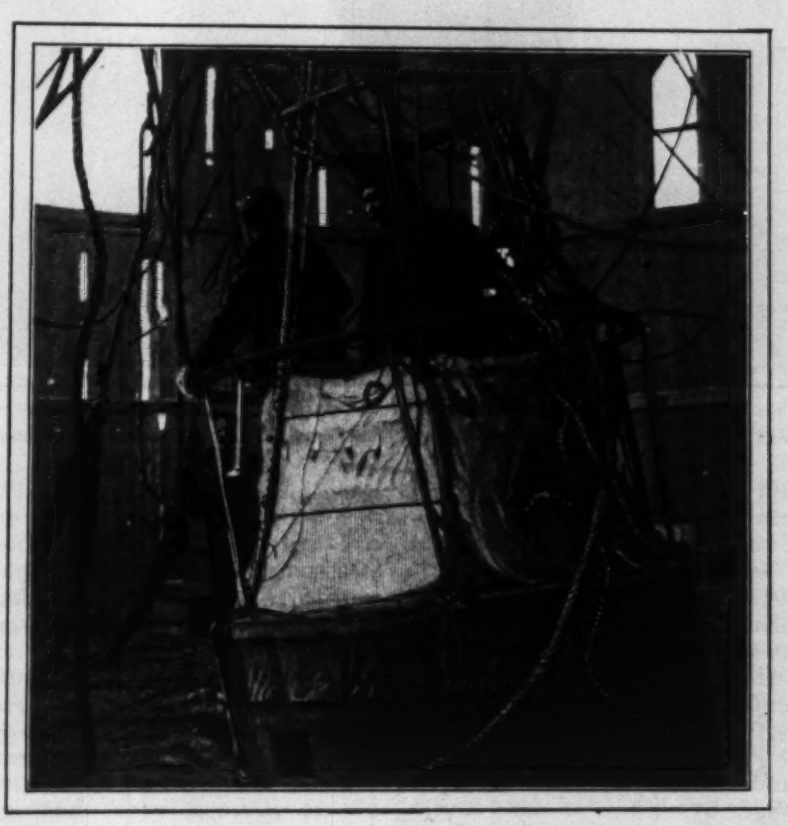
ANDRÉE'S SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AS SET UP IN THE OBSERVATION GALLERY ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR.

Editor's Note. — Mr. Walter Wellman organized in 1894 the Wellman Polar Expedition, and penetrated to latitude 81° 15′, north of Spitzbergen. His steamer, the "Ragnvald Jarl," was crushed in the ice at the Seven Islands. On his return to Europe he made a thorough inquiry into the feasibility of employing the balloon in Arctic exploration, and had even prepared, in conjunction with Godard and Surcouf of Paris, the best aëronautic engineers in the world, plans for an expedition similar to Andrée's, when Andrée announced his plans. Mr. Wellman is now preparing a new expedition, but not one by balloon.

twenty to twenty-five miles an hour in a northerly direction, a little east. Notwithstanding the friction upon the surface of the ice or sea of the trailing guide-ropes with which Andrée hoped to keep his airship always in contact with the earth, the balloon must have traveled nearly as fast as the wind. If his voyage had continued a little east of north, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, at noon the second day out he would have found himself some 250 miles on the other side of the Pole, which he would have passed at a distance of perhaps one hundred miles on his left.

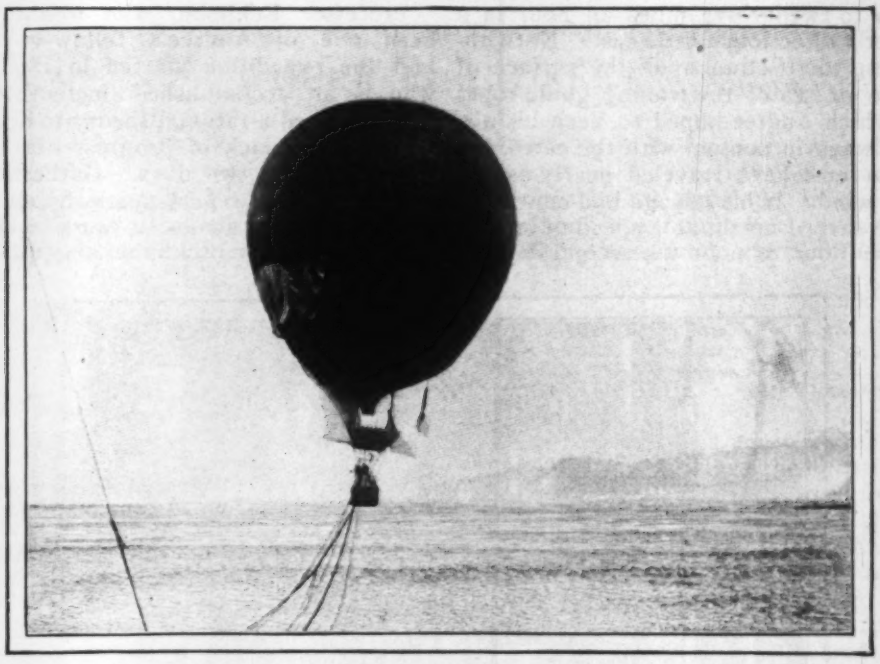
But the pigeon message tells a different story. At noon of the second day out, July 13th, Andrée writes that he had reached latitude 82° 2′ north, and longitude 15° 5′ east. In other words, instead of an aërial voyage 900 miles or more to the northward, passing near the Pole, he was then only 145 geographical miles north and 45 miles east of the point of departure. Moreover, at the hour of writing his message he was making "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," instead of to the north.

Professor Eckholm, who would have been one of Andrée's fellow-voyagers had the expedition started in 1896, and who is an accomplished meteorologist, has advanced a rational theory to account for Andrée's lack of progress northward during the first two days. Gathering the meager weather reports made by captains of such sealing sloops as were in the vicinity, Professor Eckholm suggests that the wind in which the "Ornen" ascended was part of a cyclonic or whirling storm, the currents moving inward toward the center of the area of low barometric depression, where comparative calm prevailed. Professor Eckholm assumes that such a center of depression existed northwest of Danes' Island and that therefore the balloon was borne first to the north, then to the northwest and west, and into the area of calms, whence it emerged with the general course of the storm, and began its flight to the eastward. This would explain the movements of the airship during the forty-six hours which elapsed between the ascension and the writing of Andrée's message. It would



JUST BEFORE THE START: ALL READY TO CUT LOOSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



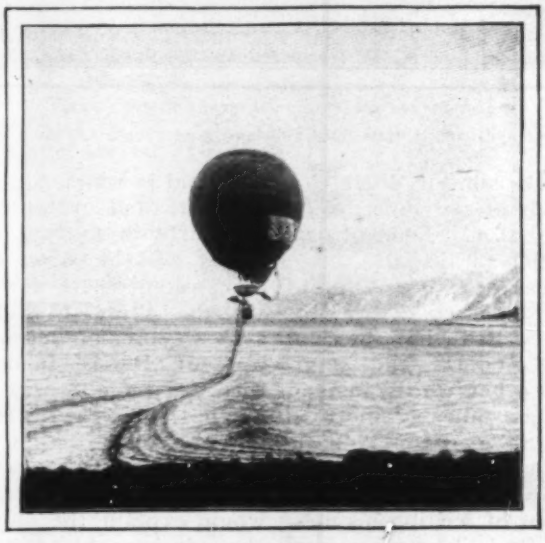
THE BALLOON JUST AT THE START, SHOWING THE MOMENTARY DEPRESSION CAUSED BY THE STRONG WIND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

also explain the "good progress eastward, ten degrees south." But there is room for doubt that the storm of July 11th to 13th was severe enough to take on the characteristics of a cyclone. Meteorological authorities agree that only the heaviest storms show this rotary movement.

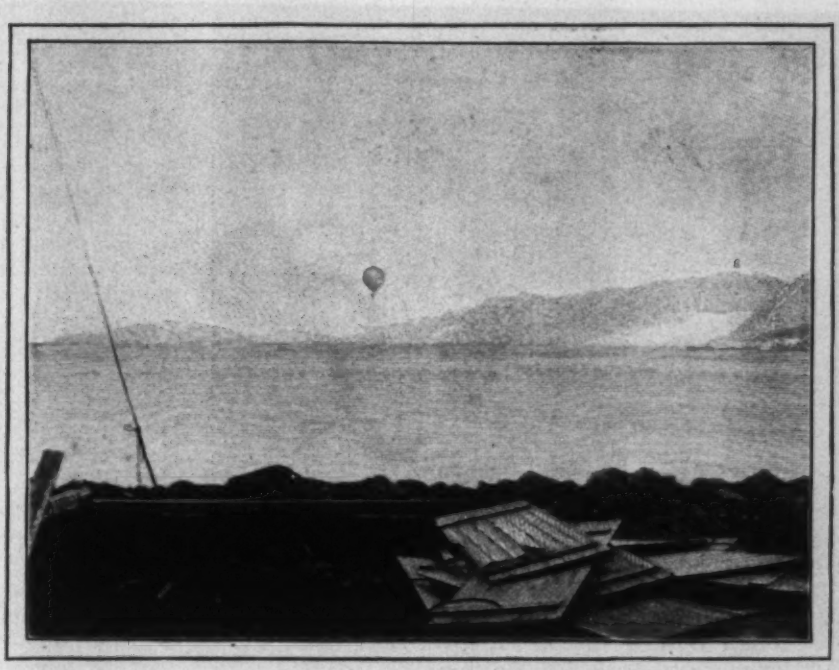
When Andrée wrote at noon of July 13th, "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," and sent his message by the third pigeon, he must have meant good progress in that direction since his first or second pigeon message was despatched, indicating that either currents revolving about a center of low barometric depression or other adverse wind movement had, shortly after the ascension, carried him far to the westward of Danes' Island. In any case, the storm then blowing appears to have had a general eastward sweep, and we have a right to assume that the "Ornen" passed eastward fifty or sixty miles to the north of the Seven Islands of Spitzbergen, where the pigeon was secured.

If Professor Eckholm's theory is well based, there was, about July 13th, another center of low pressure in the neighborhood of Franz Josef Land. Into the rotary sweep of this area the "Ornen" may have passed; and in that case it was of vital importance to the aëronauts whether they were able to remain afloat until the movement of the storm had carried them first southward over the open or partly ice-free Barentz Sea and later northward again



SOME SECONDS AFTER THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



THE LAST SIGHT OF THE BALLOON.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

to Franz Josef Land, or whether they found it necessary to make a descent into the ocean or upon the loose pack-ice which is found upon the sea southeast of Spitzbergen. Whether it be assumed that the storm took on the character of a cyclone, or was merely a strong, straight-driving wind, there is an area of something like 200,000 square miles in which it is probable the voyagers made their descent. This region may be said roughly to comprise a part of the Barentz Sea, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, on the south, Franz Josef Land and the Polar ocean north of it to the eighty-fifth or eighty-sixth parallel of latitude, and perhaps some distance eastward toward Siberia.

It is improbable the aëronauts were driven as far as Siberia or Nova Zembla. Had they reached the former country in July last, they would ere this have been heard from, even from the remotest parts. If they had reached Nova Zembla, their chances of returning to civilization by means of the sealing sloops which leave the west coast of that land as late as September would have been good. It is not likely they were caught in adverse currents and carried back to Spitzbergen or to Greenland, for the general movement of the storm was to the east.

There are three probabilities as to the approximate point of descent, each strong enough to merit attention. The first of these is that the "Ornen" remained in the air till Franz Josef Land was reached. Once over this land, the aëronauts would be able to distinguish it by the changed appearance of the ice-sheet beneath them and by the black cliffs at the edges of the fiords. Here Herr Andrée may have become convinced of the uselessness of waiting for further advance toward the Pole, and in consequence decided to descend. In such case, and if the descent were made in safety, the voyagers might without great trouble make their way to Cape Flora, about the eightieth parallel, where Jackson left a comfortable house and ample supplies for a wintering. In case their descent were made so far from Cape Flora that they were unable to reach the Jackson camp before the winter closed in upon them, Andrée and his companions might shoot enough bear, walrus, and seal to support them through the winter, and throw up a hut to live in, as did Nansen and Johansen in the same region.

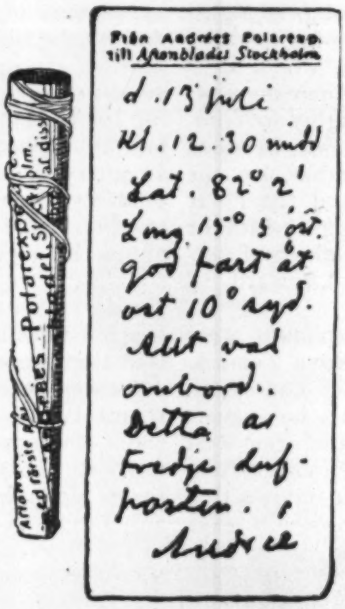
The second probability is that the "Ornen" came down in the ocean to the southeast of Spitzbergen. When Herr Andrée was asked, a few days before his start what would happen if they descended in the sea, the adventurer replied, coolly, "Drown."

The third probability is that the air-ship was driven by the winds far to the east or northward of Franz Josef Land. In such case the explorers are probably lost. Assuming that they safely reached the ice-sheet which covers the Polar ocean, saving all their supplies, instruments, and equipment, this was the situation which confronted them: to save their lives they must get to the land within eight weeks. Out upon the Polar pack no game can be had, except by rarest good luck a stray bear comes that way. Andrée and his men had with them provisions for but four months. With this supply they could live till Christmas, but in order to secure food with which to survive the winter they must reach the land by the end of September at the latest, before the bear, seal, and walrus had disappeared. The distance which they could travel between the probable date of the descent and the closing in of winter may be estimated at 250 miles at the greatest. In August and early September the condition of the ice-pack is at its worst for sledging, being soft and slushy, with many pools half filled with sludge through which a boat cannot be rowed and over which a man cannot walk.

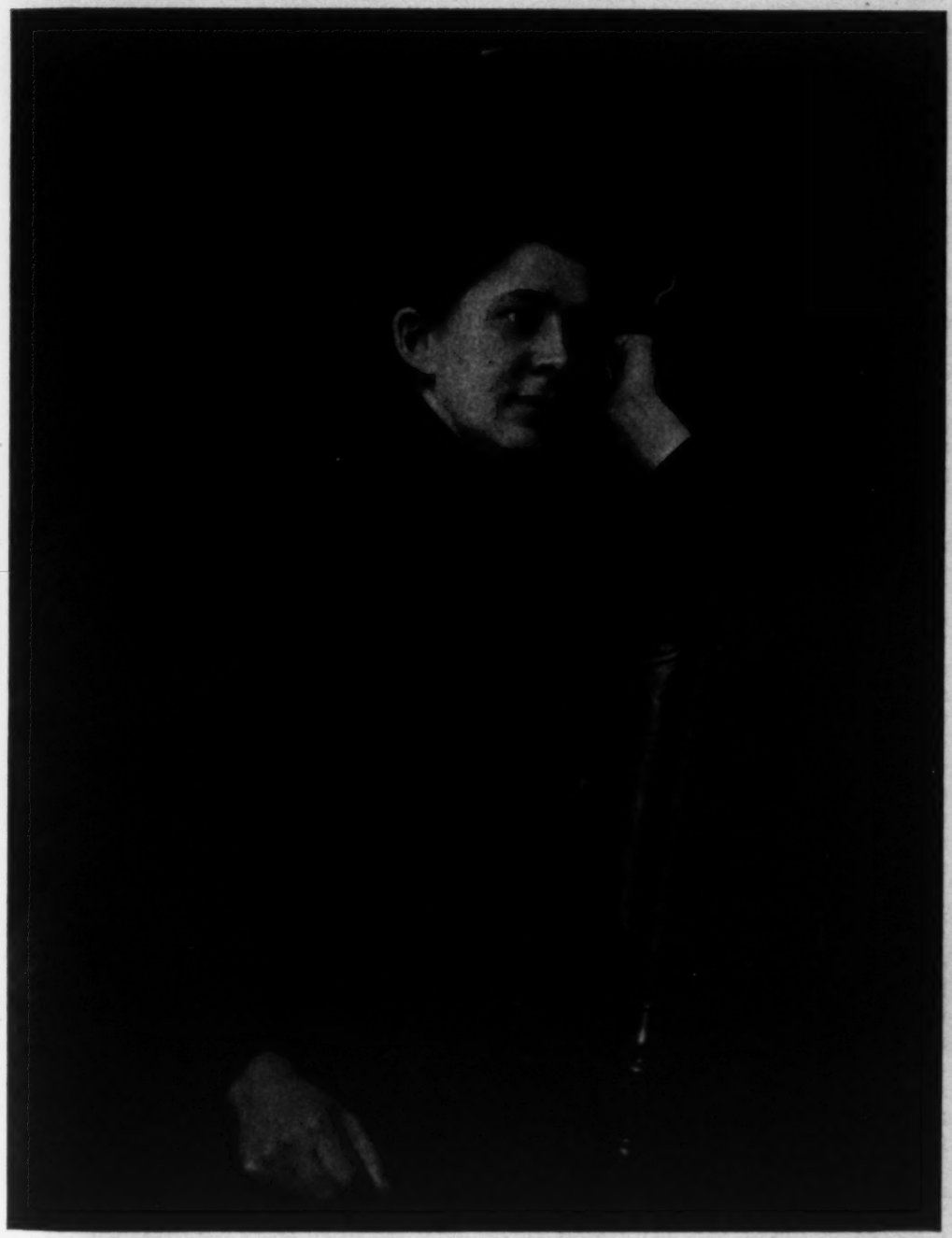
But were Andrée and his comrades able to descend to the land or to the frozen surface of the sea without injury to themselves and without loss of their precious food and equipment? It all depends upon the state of the wind. In light airs an aëronaut may descend to earth without much trouble or danger, but a descent in a smart wind is another story. When the car strikes the earth and its weight is taken from the balloon, the great ball rebounds mightily and is up and away. As more and more gas escapes through the open valve it comes down again, only to repeat its upward leap, though with diminished force. Hence, often, their safety depends on whether the aëronauts are able to cut their car loose before they are themselves spilled out or severely injured. Unfortunately, instead of storing his food, sledge, boat, instruments, and other equipment in the car, and then arranging a device by which the car could, in an emergency, be quickly cut loose from the balloon itself, Andrée carried all his provisions and equipment above the suspension-ring of his air-ship, between the forty-eight ropes that attach the suspension-ring to the netting. What may easily have happened, therefore, was the escape of the balloon, carrying with it the precious supplies and outfit, after the occupants had themselves been spilled out upon the land or pack-ice.

If the "Ornen" came down in the sea, the aëronauts were drowned. If it descended in the loose pack-ice southeast of Spitzbergen, they have probably perished, as it would be next to impossible for them to reach land by sledging over such a surface. If it alighted upon Franz Josef Land, or upon the ice near it, without accident, they are almost certainly safe. If the descent was made upon the Polar pack more than 250 miles from Cape Flora, they are lost. If they are now alive, the chances are they will next summer be found in the Jackson house at Cape Flora.

THE PIGEON THAT BROUGHT THE ONE MESSAGE THUS FAR RECEIVED FROM ANDRÉE.



FACSIMILE OF THE MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM ANDRÉE BY CARRIER-PIGEON, JULY 22, 1897, AND OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH IT WAS CONTAINED. SEE PAGE 422.



IDA M. TARBELL.

No name is more familiar to the readers of McClure's Magazine than that of Ida M. Tarbell. Miss Tarbell has been a contributor to the Magazine from its foundation. Her "Life of Napoleon," begun in the November number, 1894, and finished in the April number, 1895, was by far the most successful feature the Magazine had had up to that time. Rarely, indeed, in all the course of magazine publication has there been a success equal to it. It was largely surpassed, however, a few months later, by Miss Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln," and her history of the later life of Lincoln seems likely to have even a greater popularity. Every day we receive many letters from subscribers asking when this will begin publication. It will begin in the November number, 1898. For two years now Miss Tarbell has been engaged in gathering new material and pictures relating to Lincoln's life from the time of his nomination to the Presidency at Chicago, in 1860, to his death by the hand of Booth, five years later. It is a short period, but the material is immense, and Miss Tarbell will present in the fullest manner the personal, human side of the great War President, and the movements of the War as they centered in or emanated from him.

AN ADVENTURE OF TRUCK SIX.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE Wellington Hotel was burned on the tenth of April. On the following morning the papers contained columns of description; but the adventure of Lieutenant Swenson and his men received only a few paragraphs. A somewhat more extended account was given by the "citizen," Harrison, two days later in the hospital. When I asked Swenson about it, he only said: "The marshal told me to go up, an' I went up. She got too hot, an' I came down."

Geiger and Ford, however, finally gave me the details, though piecemeal and somewhat shamefacedly.

It was a few minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon when the cook of the Wellington Hotel rushed up from the basement and pulled the knob of the red fire-alarm box back of the clerk's desk. In the laundry behind the kitchen the flames were spreading along the walls and reaching out of the windows and doors. Five minutes later they had found the wooden elevator shaft, where they leaped with a roar to the top of the building and blazed out over the roof like a smoky, red torch.

The Wellington Hotel stood at the corner of Cass Avenue and Thirty-first Street, in a comfortable residence district of the city. It was of brick, five stories high, and built in the form of a big L, with a roomy, white-washed court in the angle at the rear. Adjoining it in Cass Avenue stood a thin frame building, two stories high, occupied on the first floor by a dealer in hats and gloves, with a photograph gallery overhead.

Fire Marshal Collins saw at a glance that the Thirty-first Street L was doomed. The fire looked from every window in its five stories. There was only one thing to do: save as much as possible of the front L, and prevent the fire from spreading to the other buildings of the block. In half a minute Collins had disposed his forces. Three streams of water drove in the windows of the upper floors near the corner of the hotel; three companies closed in at the rear along the alleyway; and Truck Six, Swenson, lieutenant, wheeled up close to the curbing and ran a Bangor ladder to the roof of the photograph gallery. The ladder swayed and dipped like a poplar pole, and then rested lightly against the cornice. Swenson and his men scrambled up with their lanterns and axes. Captain Hill of Engine Fourteen and four of his company followed with a lead of hose. From the top of the gallery Swenson raised another ladder until it tipped the fourth-story window. From this point a short scaling-ladder was pushed up, and hooked to the stone ledge of the window on the fifth floor. Swenson drove in the sashes, frame and all, and a moment later they dragged the hose down the carpeted hall and into a room that opened on the court. From the window they could command the other L. Hill signaled for water, and they dropped a hundred-pound stream into the thick of the fire.

After establishing the lead, Swenson, with Kirk, his axman, and two truckmen, Geiger and Ford, went down the hall to find a suitable place for the second hose-line which No. 4 was dragging up the ladders. At a turn of the passageway they heard a voice shouting.

Geiger went ahead with his lighted lantern. Kirk and Ford shouted again and again, but there was no reply. The smoke was fast becoming unendurable, even to a seasoned fireman, and they turned and ran back, opening the doors and peering into the smoky interiors of the rooms as they passed. Presently Swenson stumbled, and all but fell over something in the hallway. Geiger held his lantern. A man on his hands and knees, with a handkerchief over his mouth, was crawling on the floor.

"Where's the stairway?" he mumbled.

Swenson lifted him up, and guided him down the hall. On nearing the window at which they had entered, they were startled to see the hose-line crawling rapidly down the hall floor and wriggling out of the window like some long snake. The brass nozzle-head rang sharply on the stone ledge and was gone. The room where the pipemen had been at work was vacant, and upon looking out of the hall window Swenson saw the flames bursting up from the photograph gallery, the flimsy roof of which curled before them as if it was made of

pasteboard. The ladder reaching to the fourth floor was already down. In the street below, Swenson saw Hill and his men running to safety across the street. They had staid a moment too long. There was no escape from that side of the building.

At Swenson's order, Kirk and Ford drew up the scaling-ladder that hung from the window, and they all groped their way through the smoke which was now driving down the hallway in dense, choking currents. Swenson opened a door leading into one of the rooms which faced the Cass Avenue front of the building. Here he threw up the window and looked out. The street pavement was mapped with the criss-cross of hose-lines. At the corner, No. 8's engine was squealing frantically for coal. A dense knot of firemen was steadying a hose-nozzle on the sidewalk opposite. The crowds had been choked back until they stood wedged deep and dark around the further corner.

Swenson saw Collins wave his hand to the men of Truck Two and point upward. He saw them start with their ladders, and then, of a sudden, the whole building shook, and a dense cloud of smoke belched from the basement below and filled the street. And Swenson knew that the building directly under him was on fire. In four or five minutes at the very most the floors would go down.

To any one but a fireman there would have been no way of escape. But Swenson stood two inches over six feet in his stockings, and he was cool with the experience of fifteen years of fires. His plan was formed instantly.

Kirk drove out the window sashes with a single blow of his axe. Swenson seized the ladder, and ran it outside, hooks up. Then he stood on the stone ledge; Geiger and Ford seized his belt, one on each side; and he leaned far out as if to jump. Carefully the ladder was lifted toward the edge of the roof, the iron cornice of which extended some distance over the street. For a moment he swayed and strained. The hooks rasped on the wall, but they would not reach to the top. The ladder was too heavy; in that cramped position Swenson could not raise it to its full height.

"No use," said Ford, despondently.

After a moment's consultation with the other men, Swenson formed another plan. Placing the foot of the ladder firmly on the outside window ledge, he lifted its top in air. Then he and Geiger each took firm hold of it with one hand, gripping the other around the inside casing of the window. Kirk, who was the lightest of the number, stepped up on the window sill. He had kicked off his boots, and thrown aside his helmet. He was white to the lips.

"Don't look down," said Swenson.

Kirk climbed up the ladder until he was poised in mid-air, sixty feet sheer above the stone sidewalk. At the end of the ladder he paused and looked around.

"Go on," shouted Swenson.

Kirk went up another step and released his arms, standing on the second round from the top. Slowly Swenson and Geiger drew the ladder closer to the wall. Kirk swayed and swung like a pole-balancer. Then he reached for the top of the building. It was still above him. He stepped from the second round to the bare top of the ladder, and balanced dizzily, with one hand resting lightly on the wall. In that moment he heard the roaring of the fire and the squelching of the water through the windows below him, but he saw only the gray scaled edge of the cornice. He knew that if he did not go up, he would go down sixty feet to the flagging below.

Slowly he raised up. His fingers slipped just over the edge of the cornice and tightened there. He drew himself up, and rolled over on the gravel roof.

"Now, Ford," said Swenson.

Ford had not looked when Kirk climbed. Such things are not good to see. He ran up the ladder rapidly. It was again drawn in, and when Ford reached the top, Kirk, reaching over, seized his wrists and helped him up. As he disappeared from view Harrison, the citizen whom they had saved, rushed wildly forward.

"You're going to leave me," he shouted; "you're going to let me burn up."

"No, we're not," growled Swenson; "it's your turn next."

At that, Harrison, who had thrown off his coat and shoes, sprung up on the window sill. Then he looked down. The smoke from below was now seamed with streaks of fire. It was a long way down to the street. The ladder looked frail and unsteady. He sprang back, and darted half way across the room.

"I can't do it," he said.

"Steady the ladder," Swenson said to Geiger.

Then he seized Harrison by the collar and shook him as if he had been a poodle dog. After that he cuffed him soundly, first on one side of the head and then on the other.

"Get up there or I'll pitch you into the street," he said.

Harrison climbed. At the top of the ladder he looked up. Kirk and Ford were reaching down to him. He went one round higher.

"Straighten up—steady now," said Kirk calmly.

Harrison raised himself slowly, and lifted his hands. Just as he felt Kirk's fingers he gave way and swayed against the wall. Kirk gripped him hard. For a moment he dangled helplessly. Then both men reached his arm and pulled him up.

"Now, Geiger," said Swenson.

"You can't hold the ladder," said Geiger.

"I can," answered the big Swede.

They stood still a moment. They heard the ominous crunching of the fire under them, and they knew that it soon would knock at the door. Geiger climbed. Swenson strained hard with both feet braced under the window sill. He had promised to shout when he could no longer hold the ladder. When Geiger was half way up he shouted. Then he felt the ladder lighten suddenly and he saw Geiger's body swing off into the air. For a moment he went sick at the sight; then he saw Kirk and Ford pulling him up on their belts.

All this had taken place in less than three minutes. The whole building was burning now, and the air was full of cinders. Swenson could not see the street pavement, but he caught glimpses of the white rods of water driving into the windows below him.

Swenson stood on the stone ledge with one hand gripped inside of the window casing. Then he lifted the ladder and threw it up round by round with his right hand, pausing between each hitch to be sure of the balance. So much for the fire drill. When it was nearly up he strained hard, and Kirk and Ford, who had buckled their belts together, dropped the loop around the hooks at the end, drew it up, and fitted it firmly over the cornice edge. Swenson swung out on the lower end of it, scrambled to the top, hand over hand, and rolled out on the roof.

They were just in time to see another section of the roof go down with a terrific crash that sent the flames and cinders leaping a hundred feet in air. The whole building quivered, and for a moment they thought the walls were going down. There was fire on every side of them and under them, and the smoke cut off the sky from above. Their faces were already scorched with the heat.

Directly across the street from the Wellington Hotel and about sixty feet away there stood a four-story apartment building. A telephone wire cable a little more than an inch in diameter extended from the roof of one to the roof of the other. On the top of the hotel it was fastened to a stout post, and it pitched off over the edge of the roof at a sharp angle downward to the other building. Kirk, being the lightest, was selected to go first. Swenson and the other three men, fearing that the cable had been injured beyond the post, laid firm hold of it and braced their feet. Kirk sat on the edge of the cornice with his feet hanging over. Then he slid off, crossed his legs over the wire as over a life-line, and slipped down. The cable sagged until it seemed about to snap. Hand over hand Kirk slid across the chasm, teetering and swaying from side to side until the men on the roof turned their heads away. When Kirk was over, Ford followed him without a word, and Geiger followed Ford. Each time the cable sagged deeper and the post bent further down. Swenson buckled four belts together and brought them around Harrison's body and over the cable. "Keep hold," he said, "and you can't fall."

But Harrison was now dazed and only half conscious. When he began to slide he grasped feebly at the cable, and then it slipped between his fingers. His body shot down heavily and stopped with a jerk that all but snapped the cable. For a moment he dangled at the end of the belt straps, then he whizzed across the street and drove headlong into the post on the further side.

By this time Kirk and Ford had lost all trace of Swenson. Smoke and flames enveloped the entire building, and from the shouts in the street below, they knew that the wall would soon go down. Suddenly Swenson shot out of the smoke, spun a moment on the cable, and fell at their feet. His hands and ankles were terribly lacerated and burned where they had slipped on the cable. But all four of the firemen managed to hobble down-stairs without assistance. On the first floor they passed through a company of hotel guests talking to reporters about their narrow escapes—three women had fainted, and one man had fallen downstairs.

"One hundred thousand dollars fire damage," said a head-line in one of the papers next morning, "but no lives lost."

PANORAMIC VIEW OF MISSIONARY RIDGE FROM THE VALLEY THAT LIES BETWEEN THE RIDGE AND CHATTANOOGA.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

V.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT WITH STANTON.

COLONEL WILSON and I reached Chattanooga from our visit to Burnside at Knoxville, on November 17th. As soon as I arrived I went to headquarters to find out the news. There was the greatest hopefulness everywhere, and both Grant and Thomas told me that they believed the Confederates would be driven from their position south of Chattanooga in a very few days. In fact, the plans for a general attack on them were complete, and the first move was to be made that very night. There were some hitches, however, in carrying out the operations as speedily as Grant had hoped, for it was not until the 23d that the first encounter in the battle of Chattanooga occurred. It was the beginning of the most spectacular military operations I ever saw, operations extending over three days and full of the most exciting incidents.

As any one can see from a glance at the map [see page 434], our army lay to the south and east of the town of Chattanooga, the river at our back. Facing us, in a great half circle, and high above us on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, were the Confederates. Our problem was to drive them from these heights. We had got our men well together, all the reinforcements were up, and now we were to strike.

The first thing Grant tried to do was to clear out the rebel lines which were nearest to ours in the plain south of Chattanooga, and to get hold of two knobs, or low hills, where the Confederates had their

PANORAMIC VIEW OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

advance guard. As the entire field where this attack was to be made was distinctly visible from one of our forts, I went there on the 23d, with the generals, to watch the operations. The troops employed for the attack were under the immediate orders of Gordon Granger. There were some capital officers under Granger, among them Sheridan, Hazen, and T. J. Wood. Just before one o'clock the men moved out of their intrenchments, and remained in line for three-quarters of an hour in full view of the enemy. The spectacle was one of singular magnificence.

Usually in a battle one sees only a little corner of what is going on, the movements near where you happen to be; but in the battle of Chattanooga we had the whole scene before us. At last, everything being ready, Granger gave the order to advance, and three brigades of men pushed out simultaneously. The troops advanced rapidly, with all the precision of a review, the flags flying and the bands playing. The first sign of a battle one noticed was the fire spitting out of the rifles of the skirmishers. The lines moved right straight along, not halting at all, the skirmishers all the time advancing in front, firing and receiving fire.

The first shot was fired at two o'clock, and in five minutes Hazen's skirmishers were briskly engaged, while the artillery of Forts Wood and Palmer was opened upon the rebel rifle-pits and camps behind the line of fighting. The practice of our gunners was splendid, but elicited no reply; and it was soon evident that the Confederates had no heavy artillery, in that part of their lines at least. Our troops, rapidly advancing, occupied the knobs upon which they were directed at twenty minutes past two. Ten minutes later Samuel Beatty, who commanded a brigade, driving forward across an open field, carried the rifle-pits in his front, the occupants fleeing as they fired their last volley; and Sheridan, moving through the forest which stretched before him, drove in the enemy's pickets, and halted his advance, in obedience to orders, on reaching the rifle-pits where the rebel force was waiting for his attack. No such attack was made, however, the design being to secure only the heights. The entire movement was carried out in such an incredibly short time that at half-past three I was able to send a telegram to Mr. Stanton describing the victory.

That evening I joined General Sherman, who had his troops north of the river, concealed behind the hills, and was going to attempt to cross the Tennessee above the town that very night, so as to be able to attack the east head of Missionary Ridge on the night of the 24th or morning of the 25th. Sherman had some 25,000 men, and crossing them over a river as wide and rapid as the Tennessee was above Chattanooga seemed to me a serious task, and I watched the operations of the night with great curiosity. The first point was to get a sufficient body of troops on the south bank to hold a position against the enemy (the Confederates had pickets for a long distance up and down the Tennessee above Chattanooga), and then from there commence building the pontoon bridge by which the bulk of the men were to be gotten over. About one o'clock in the morning the pontoon boats, which had been sent up the river some distance, were filled with men and allowed to drop down to the point General Sherman had chosen for the south end of his bridge. They landed about 2.30 in the morning, seized the pickets, and immediately began to fortify their position. The boats in the meantime were sent across the river to bring over fresh loads of men. They kept this up until morning. Then a small

steamer which Sherman had got hold of came up, and began to bring over troops. At daybreak some of the boats were taken from the ferrying and a bridge was begun. It was marvellous with what vigor the work went on. Sherman told me he had never seen anything done so quietly and so well, and he declared later in his report that he did not believe the history of war could show a bridge of that length, about 1,350 feet, laid down so noiselessly and in so short a time. By one o'clock in the afternoon (November 24th) the bridge was done, and the balance of his forces were soon marching briskly across. As soon as Sherman saw that the crossing was insured, he set the head of his column in motion for the head of Missionary Ridge. By four o'clock he had gained the crest of the ridge and was preparing for the next day's battle.

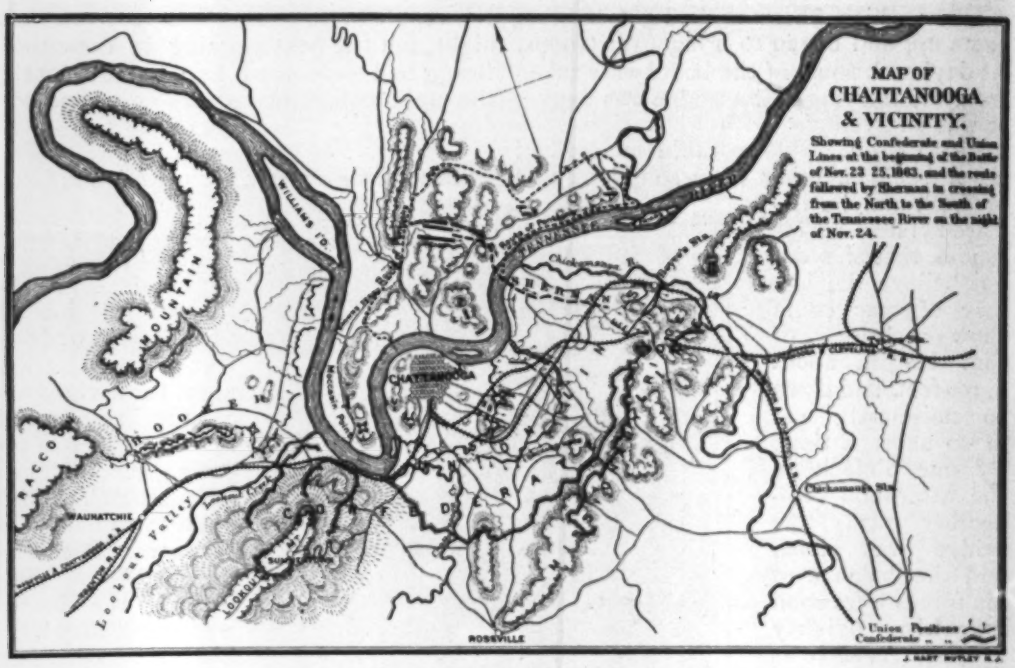
GENERAL GRANT IN 1864.

As soon as I saw Sherman in position, I hurried back to Chattanooga. I reached there just in time to see the famous moonlight battle on Lookout Mountain. The way this night battle happened to be fought was that Hooker, who had been holding Lookout valley, had been ordered to gain a foothold on Lookout Mountain if possible, and that day, while I was with Sherman, had really succeeded in scaling the side of the mountain. But his possession of the point he had reached had been so hotly disputed that a brigade had been sent from Chattanooga to aid him. These troops attacked the Confederate lines on the eastern slope of the mountain about eight o'clock that evening. Full moon made their battle-field as plain to us in the valley as if it were day, the blaze of their camp fires and the flashes of their guns displaying brilliantly their position and the progress of their advance. No report of the result was received that night, but the next morning we knew that Bragg had evacuated Lookout Mountain the night before and that our troops occupied it.

NOVEMBER 25TH AT CHATTANOOGA.

After the successes of the two days, a decisive battle seemed inevitable, and orders were given that night for a vigorous attack the next morning. I was up early, sending my first despatch to Mr. Stanton at half-past seven in the morning. About nine o'clock the battle was commenced by Sherman on our left, and raged furiously all that forenoon both east of Missionary Ridge and along its crest, the enemy making vigorous efforts to crush Sherman and dislodge him from his position on the ridge. While this battle was going on, I was on Orchard Knob, where Grant, Thomas, Granger, and several other officers were observing the operations. The enemy kept firing shells at us, I remember, from the ridge opposite. They had got the range so well that the shells burst pretty near the top of the elevation where we were, and when we saw them coming we would duck, that is, everybody did except Grant and Thomas and Gordon Granger. It was not according to their dignity to go down on their marrow bones. While we were there Granger got a gun—a cannon—how he got it I do not know—and he would load it with the help of one soldier, and fire it himself over at the ridge. I recollect that Rawlins was very much disgusted at the guerrilla operations of Granger, and induced Grant to order him to join his troops elsewhere.

As we thought we perceived, soon after noon, that the enemy had sent a great mass


MAP OF
CHATTANOOGA
& VICINITY,
Showing Confederate and Union Lines at the beginning of the Battle of Nov. 23 25, 1863, and the route followed by Sherman in crossing from the North to the South of the Tennessee River on the night of Nov. 24.
CHATTANOOGA
ROSSVILLE
WAUHATCHIE
Union Positions
Confederate " "

of their troops to crush Sherman, Grant gave orders at two o'clock for an assault upon the left of their lines; but owing to the fault of Granger, who was boyishly intent upon firing his gun, instead of commanding his corps, Grant's order was not transmitted to the division commanders until he repeated it an hour later.

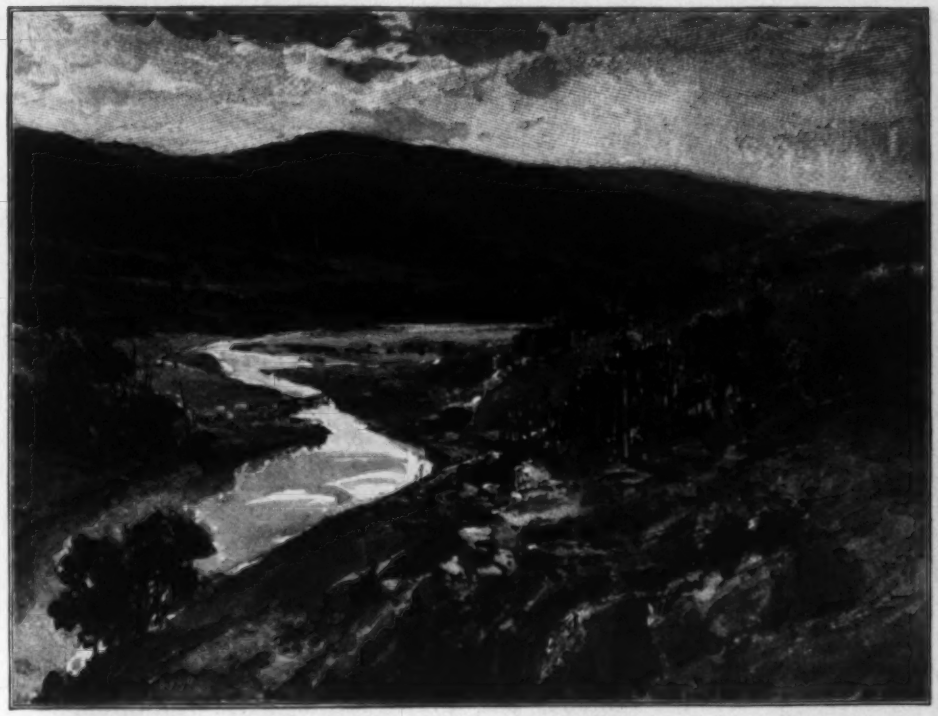
It was fully four o'clock before the line moved out to the attack. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and as the forces marched across the valley, in front of us, as regularly as if on parade, it was a great spectacle. They took with ease the first rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge, as they had been ordered, and then, to the amazement of all of us who watched on Orchard Knob, they moved out and up the steep ahead of them, and before we realized it, they were at the top of Missionary Ridge. It was just half-past four when I wired Mr. Stanton:

> Glory to God! the day is decisively ours. Missionary Ridge has just been carried by the magnificent charge of Thomas's troops, and the rebels routed.

As soon as Grant saw the ridge was ours, he started for the front. As he rode the length of the lines, the men, who were frantic with joy and enthusiasm over the victory, received him with tumultuous shouts. The storming of the ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man who climbs the ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved in tolerably good order up its broken and crumbling face unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seemed as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Grant nor Thomas intended it. Their orders were to carry the rifle-pits along the base of the ridge and capture their occupants; but when this was accomplished, the unaccountable spirit of the troops bore them bodily up those impracticable steeps, over the bristling rifle-pits on the crest and the numerous cannon enfilading every gully. The order to storm appears to have been given simultaneously by Generals Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not to be held back, dangerous as the attempt appeared to military prudence. Besides, the generals had caught the inspiration of the men, and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities.

The first time I saw Sheridan after the battle I said to him: "Why did you go up there?"

"When I saw the men were going up," he replied, "I had no idea of stopping them; the rebel rifle-pits had been taken, and nobody had been hurt, and after they had started I ordered them to go on. As I was going up I looked up at the head of the ridge, and there I saw a Confederate general on horseback. I had a silver whisky flask in my pocket, and when I



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM LOOKOUT VALLEY.

saw this man on the top of the hill, I took it out and waved my hand toward him, holding up the shining, glittering flask, and then I took a drink. He waved back to me, and then the whole division went up."

All the evening of the 25th the excitement of the battle continued. Bragg had retreated up the Chickamauga valley, and was burning what he could not carry away, so that the east was lit by his fires, while Sheridan continued his fight beyond the east slope of Missionary Ridge until nine o'clock in the evening. It was a bright moonlight night, and we could see most of the operations as plain as day. By the next morning Bragg was in full retreat. I went to Missionary Ridge in the morning, and from there I could see for ten miles up Chickamauga valley the fires of the depots and bridges he was burning as he fled.

At intervals throughout the day I sent despatches to Washington, where they were eagerly read, as the following telegram sent me on the 27th shows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *November* 27, 1863.

HON. C. A. DANA,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.:

The Secretary of War is absent, and the President is sick; but both receive your despatches regularly and esteem them highly, not merely because they are reliable, but for their clearness of narrative and their graphic pictures of the stirring events they describe.

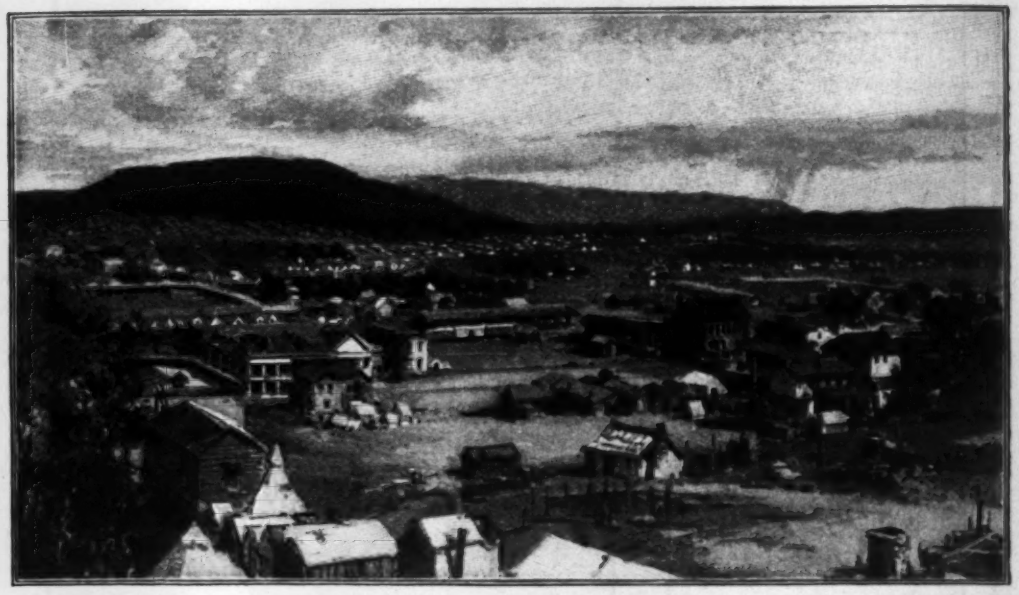
The patient endurance and spirited valor exhibited by commanders and men in the last great feat of arms, which has crowned our cause with such a glorious success, is making all of us hero-worshipers.

P. H. WATSON,
Acting Secretary of War.

GRANT'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

The enemy was now divided; Bragg was flying towards Rome and Atlanta, and Longstreet was in East Tennessee besieging Burnside. Our victorious army was between them. The first thought was, of course, to relieve Burnside, and Grant ordered Granger with the Fourth Corps instantly forward to his aid, taking pains to write Granger a personal letter, explaining the exigencies of the case and the imperative need of energy. It had no effect, however, in hastening the movement, and a day or two later Grant ordered Sherman to assume command of all the forces operating from the south to save Knoxville. Grant became imbued with a strong prejudice against Granger from this circumstance.

As any movement against Bragg was impracticable at that season, the only operation possible to Grant, beyond the relief of Burnside, was to hold Chatta-



A VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA IN WAR TIME.

nooga and the line of the Hiwassee, to complete and protect the railroads and the steamboats upon the Tennessee, and to amass food, forage, and ordnance stores for the future. But all this would require only a portion of the forces under his command, and, instead of holding the remainder in winter quarters, he evolved a plan to employ them in an offensive winter campaign against Mobile and the interior of Alabama. He asked me to lay his plan before Mr. Stanton, and urge its approval by the Government, which, of course, I did at once by telegraph.

I did not wait at Chattanooga to learn the decision of the Government on Grant's plan, but left on November 29th, again with Colonel Wilson, to join Sherman, now well on his way to Knoxville, and to observe his campaign.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

I fell in with Sherman on November 30th at Charleston, on the Hiwassee. The Confederate guard there fled at his approach, after half destroying the bridges, and we had to stay there until one was repaired. When we reached Loudon, on December 3d, the bridge over the Tennessee was gone, so that the main body of the army marched to a point where it was believed a practicable ford might be found. The ford, however, proved too difficult for the men, the river being 200 yards wide, and the water almost at freezing point. We had a great deal of fun getting across. I remember my horse went through—swam through, where his feet could not strike the ground—and I got across without any difficulty. I think Wilson got across, too; but when the lieutenant of our squad of cavalrymen got in the middle of the river, where it was so deep that as he sat in the saddle the water came up to his knees almost, and a little above the breast of the mule he rode, the animal turned his head upward toward the current, which was very strong, and would not move. This poor fellow sat there in the middle of the stream, and, do his best, he could not move his beast. Finally, they drove in a big wagon, or truck, with two horses, and tied that to the bits of the mule, and dragged him out.

Colonel Wilson at once set about the construction of a trestle bridge, and by working all night had it so advanced that the troops could begin to cross by daylight the next morning.

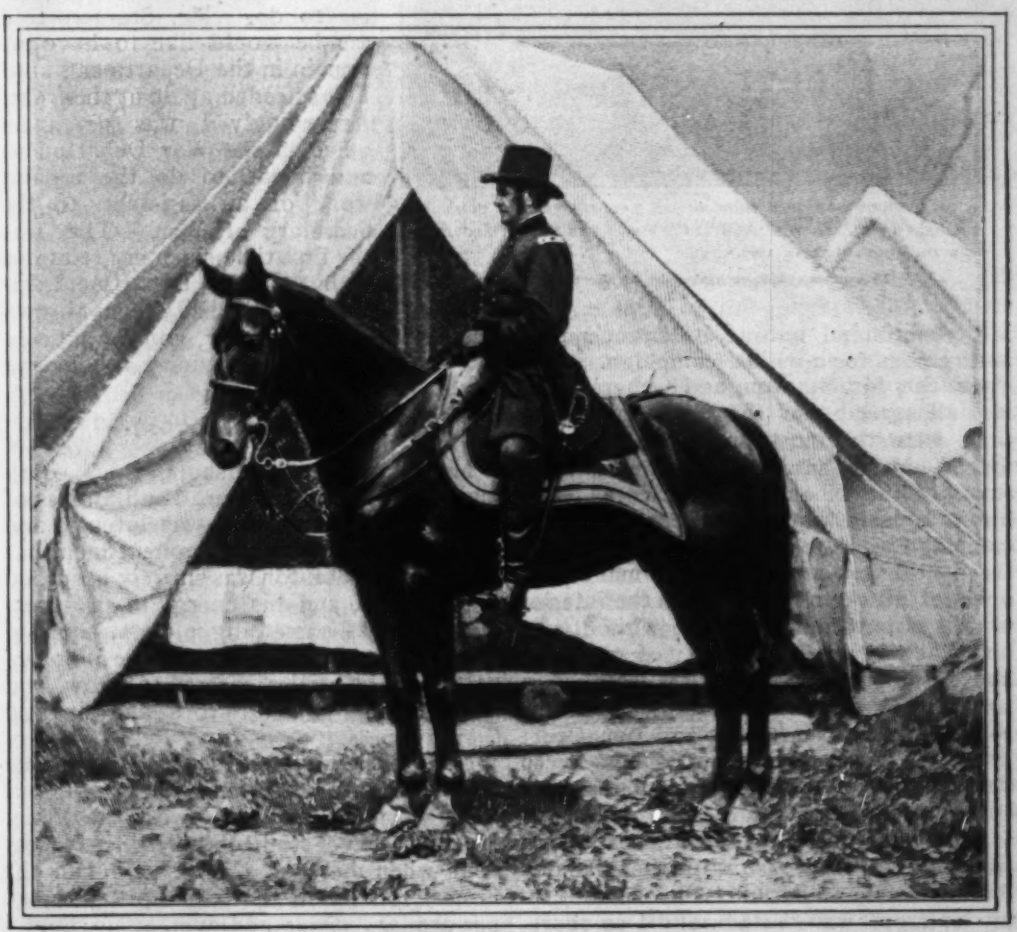
While the crossing was going on, we captured a Confederate mail, and first learned something authentic about Burnside. He had been assaulted by Longstreet on the 29th of November, but had repulsed him. He was still besieged, and all the rebel letter-writers spoke of their condition with great despondency, evidently regarding their chance of extrication, in view of our approach, as very poor. Longstreet, we gathered from the mail, thought that Sherman was bringing up only a small force.

By noon of December 5th we had our army over, and, as we were now only thirty-five miles from Knoxville, we pushed ahead rapidly, the enemy making but little resistance. When Longstreet discovered the strength of our force he retreated, and we entered Knoxville at noon on the 6th. We found here, to our surprise, that Burnside had fully twenty days' provisions, much more, in fact, than at the beginning of the siege. These supplies had been drawn from the French Broad by boats, and by the Sevierville road. The loyal people of East Tennessee had done their utmost through the whole time to send in provisions and forage, and Longstreet left open the very avenues which Burnside most desired. We found ammunition very short, and projectiles for our rifle guns had been made in the town. The utmost constancy and unanimity had prevailed during the whole siege; from Burnside down to the last private no man thought of retreat or surrender.

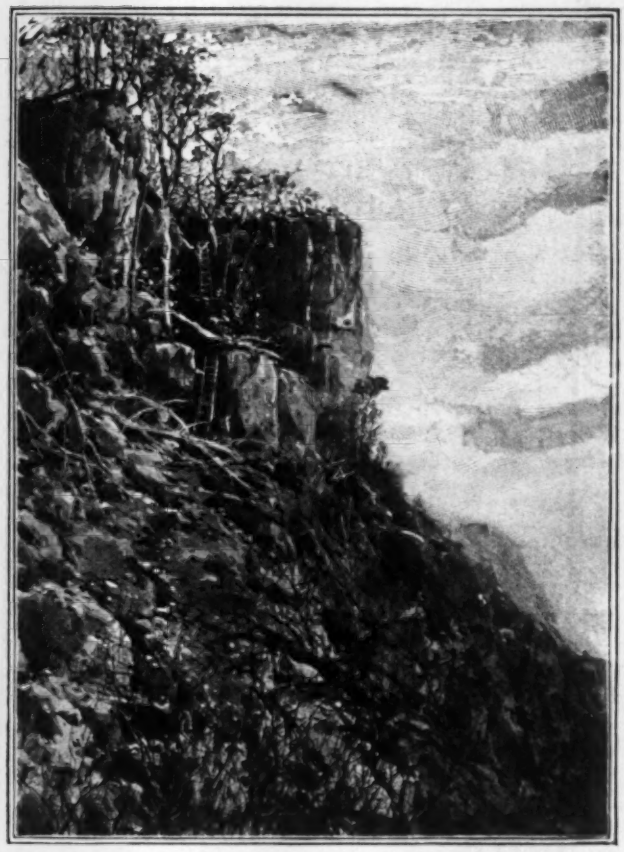
The next morning after our arrival, December 7th, Sherman started back to Chattanooga with all his force not needed at Knoxville. Colonel Wilson and I returned with him, reaching Chattanooga on December 10th. Everything in the army was now so safe, quiet, and regular that I felt I could be more useful anywhere else, so the day I got back I asked leave of Mr. Stanton to go North. I did not wait for his reply, however. The morning of the 12th Grant sent for me to come to his headquarters, where he asked me to go to Washington to represent more fully to Stanton and Halleck his wishes with regard to the winter campaign. As the matter was important, I started at once, telegraphing Mr. Stanton that, if he thought it unnecessary for me to go, contrary orders would reach me at any point on the railroad.

GRANT PLANS TO MOVE TOWARDS MOBILE.

I reached Washington about the middle of December, and immediately gave to



GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, WHO LED THE ASSAULT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE LADDERS USED BY THE UNION SOLDIERS IN SCALING THE MOUNTAIN DURING "THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS," NOVEMBER 24, 1863.

Drawn from a photograph taken the day after the battle.

Mr. Stanton an outline of Grant's plan and reasons for a winter campaign. The President, Mr. Stanton, and General Halleck all agreed that the proposed operations were the most promising in sight; indeed, Mr. Stanton was enthusiastic in favor of the scheme as I presented it to him. He said that the success of Grant's campaign would end the war in the Mississippi Valley, and practically make prisoners of all the rebel forces in the interior of Mississippi and Alabama, without our being at the direct necessity of guarding and feeding them. But Halleck, as a *sine qua non*, insisted that East Tennessee should first be cleared out and Longstreet driven off permanently and things up to date secured, before new campaigns were entered upon.

The result was that no winter campaign was made in 1863–64 toward the Alabama River towns and Mobile. Its success, in my opinion, was certain, and I so represented to Mr. Stanton. Without jeopardizing our interests in any other quarter, Grant would have opened the Alabama River and captured Mobile a full year before it finally fell. Success meant permanent security for everything we had already laid hold of, and would at once have freed many thousands of garrison troops for service elsewhere. As long as the rebels held Alabama, they had a base from which to strike Tennessee. I had unbounded confidence in Grant's skill and energy to conduct such a campaign into the interior, cutting loose entirely from his base and subsisting off the enemy's country. At the time he had the troops, and could have finished the job in three months.

After I had explained fully my mission from Grant, I asked the Secretary what he wanted me to do. Mr. Stanton told me he would like to have me remain in the Department until I was needed again at the front. Accordingly I was given an office in the War Department, and began to do the regular work of an assistant to the Secretary of War. This was the first time since my relations with the War Department began that I had been thrown much with the Secretary, and I was very glad to have an opportunity to observe him.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

Mr. Stanton was a short, thick, dark man, with a very large head and a mass of black hair. His nature was intense, and he was one of the most eloquent men that I ever met. Stanton was entirely absorbed in his duties, and his energy in prosecuting them was something almost superhuman. When he took hold of the War Department the armies seemed to grow, and they certainly gained in force and vim and thoroughness.

One of the first things which struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies. Over and over again have I heard him express the same opinion which

he wrote to the "Tribune" after Donelson: "Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results." There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business.

VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN OVER THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.

Stanton was a serious student of history. He had read many books on the subject—more than on any other, I should say—and he was fond of discussing historical characters with his associates, not that he made a show of his learning. He was fond, too, of discussing legal questions, and would listen with eagerness to the statement of cases in which friends had been interested. He was a man who was devoted to his friends, and he had a good many with whom he liked to sit down and talk. In conversation he was witty and satirical; he told a story well, and was very companionable.

There is a popular impression that Mr. Stanton took a malevolent delight in browbeating his subordinates, and every now and then making a spectacle of some poor officer or soldier who unfortunately fell into his clutches in the Secretary's reception-room for the edification of bystanders. This idea, like many other notions concerning great men, is largely a mistaken one. The stories which are told of Mr. Stanton's impatience and violence are exaggerated. He could speak in a very peremptory tone, but I never heard him say anything that could be called vituperative.

There were certain men in whom he had little faith, and I have heard him speak to some of these in a tone of severity. He was a man of the quickest intelligence, and understood a thing before half of it was told him. His judgment was just as swift, and when he got hold of a man who did not understand, who did not state his case clearly, he was very impatient.

If Stanton liked a man, he was always pleasant. I was with him for several years in the most confidential relations, and I can now recall only one instance of his speaking to me in a harsh tone. It was a curious case.

Among the members of Congress at that period was a Jew named Strouse. One of Strouse's race, who lived in Virginia, had gone down to the mouth of the James River when General Butler was at Fort Monroe, and announced his wish to leave the Confederacy. Now, the orders were that when a man came to a commanding officer with a request to go through the lines, he was to be examined and all the money he had was to be taken from him. General Butler had taken from this Virginia friend of Strouse between $50,000

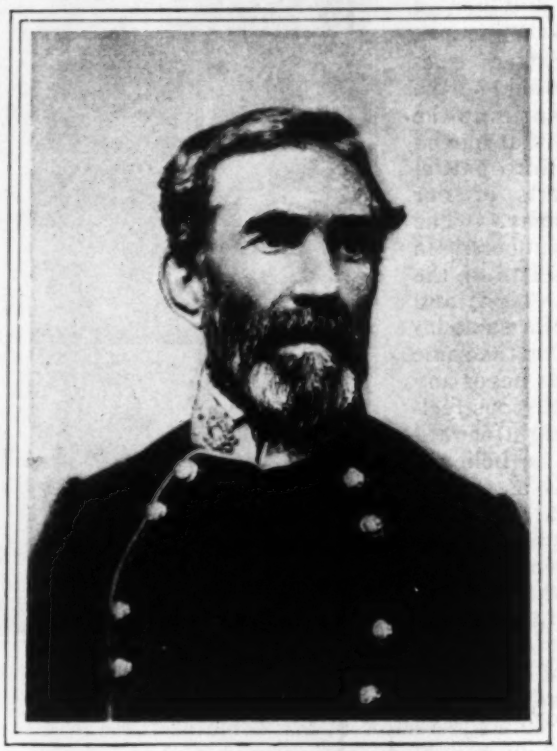
and $75,000. When a general took money in this way, he had to deposit it at once in the Treasury; there a strict account was kept of the amount, whom it was taken by, and whom it was taken from. Butler gave a receipt to this man, and he afterward came to Washington to get his money. He and Strouse came to the War Department, where they bothered Mr. Stanton a good deal. Finally Mr. Stanton sent for me.

"Strouse is after me," he said; "he wants that money, and I want you to settle the matter."

"What shall I do," I asked; "what are the orders?" He took the papers in the case and wrote on the back of them:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best.

"E. M. STANTON."



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The man then turned his attention from the Secretary to me. I looked into the matter, and gave him back the money. The next day Mr. Stanton sent for me. I saw he was angry.

"Did you give that Jew back his money?" he asked in a harsh tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "I should like to know by what authority you did it."

"If you will excuse me while I go to my room, I will show my authority to you," I replied.

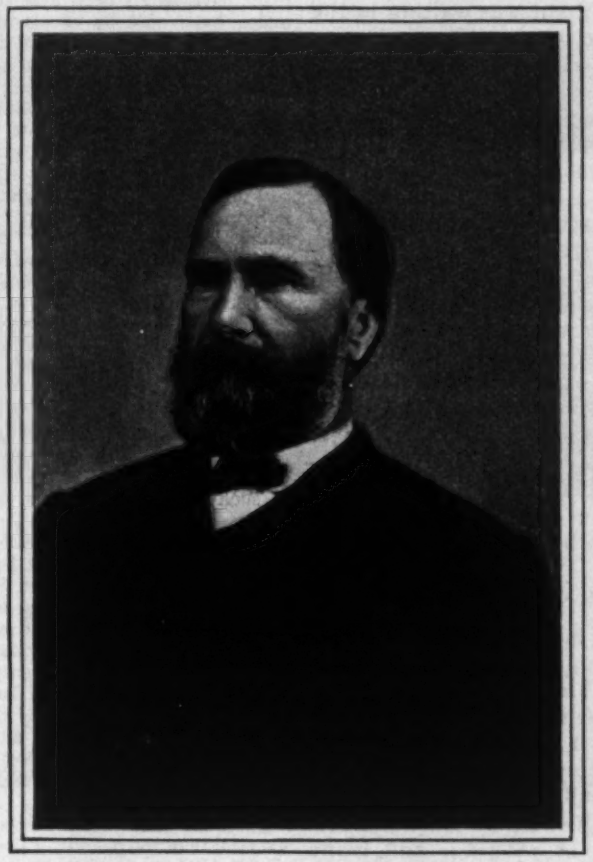
So I went up and brought down the paper he had indorsed, and read to him:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best." I handed it over to him. He looked at it, and then he laughed. "You are right," he said; "you have got me this time." That was the only time he spoke to me in a really harsh tone.

At the time that I entered the War Department for regular duty, it was a very busy place. Mr. Stanton frequently worked late at night, keeping his carriage waiting for him. I never worked at night, as my eyes would not allow it. I got to my office about nine o'clock in the morning, and I staid there nearly the whole day, for I made it a rule never to go away until my desk was cleared. When I arrived I usually found on my table a big pile of papers which were to be acted on, papers of every sort that had come to me from the different departments of the office. Most of these came from the Ordnance Department; that is, they referred to the supply of arms and ammunition.

The business of the Department was something enormous. Nearly $285,000,000 were paid out that year (from June, 1863, to June, 1864) by the Quartermaster's office, and $221,000,000 stood in accounts at the end of the year awaiting examination before payment was made. We had to buy every conceivable thing that an army of men could need. We bought fuel, forage, furniture, coffins, medicine, horses, mules, telegraph wire, sugar, coffee, flour, cloth, caps, guns, powder, and thousands of other things. Sometimes our supplies came by contract; again by direct purchase; again by manufacture. Of course, by the fall of 1863 the army was pretty well supplied; still that year we bought over 3,000,000 pairs of trousers, nearly 5,000,000 flannel shirts and drawers, some 7,000,000 pairs of stockings, 325,000 mess pans, 207,000 camp kettles, over 13,000 drums, and 14,830 fifes. It was my duty to make contracts for many of these supplies.

In making contracts for supplies of all kinds, we were obliged to take careful precautions against frauds. I had a colleague in the Department, the Hon. Peter H. Watson, the distinguished patent lawyer, who had a great knack at detecting army frauds. One which Watson had spent much time in trying to ferret out came to light soon after I went into office. This was an extensive fraud in forage furnished to the Army of the Potomac. The trick of the fraud consisted in a dishonest mixture of oats and Indian corn for the horses and mules of the army. By changing the proportions of the two sorts of grain, the contractors were able to make a great difference in the cost of the bushel, on account of the difference in the weight and price of the grain, and it was difficult to detect the cheat. However, Watson found it out, and at once arrested the men who were most directly involved.



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCE OPERATING AGAINST KNOXVILLE IN 1863.

Soon after the arrest Watson went to New York. While he was gone, certain parties from Philadelphia, interested in the swindle, came to me at the War Department. Among them was the president of the Corn Exchange. They paid me $33,000 to cover the sum which one of the men confessed he had appropriated; $32,000 was restored by another individual. The morning after this transaction the Philadelphians returned to me, demanding that both the villains should be released, and that the papers and funds belonging to them, taken at the time of their arrest, should be restored. It was my judgment that, instead of being released, they should be remanded to solitary confinement until they could clear up all the forage frauds and make complete justice possible. Then I would have released them, but not before. So I telegraphed to Watson what had happened, and asked him to return to prevent any false step.

Now it happened that the men arrested were of some political importance in Pennsylvania, and eminent politicians took a hand in getting them out of the scrape. Among others the Hon. David Wilmot, ex-Senator of the United States and author of the famous Wilmot proviso, was very active. He went to Mr. Lincoln, and made such representations and appeals that finally the President consented to go with him over to the War Department and see Watson in his office. Wilmot remained outside, and Mr. Lincoln went in to labor with the Assistant Secretary. Watson eloquently described the nature of the fraud, and the extent to which it had already been developed by his partial investigation. The President in reply dwelt upon the fact that a large amount of money had been refunded by the guilty men, and urged the greater question of the safety of the cause and the necessity of preserving united the powerful support which Pennsylvania was giving to the administration in suppressing the rebellion. Watson answered:

"Very well, Mr. President, if you wish to have these men released, all that is necessary is to give the order; but I shall ask

to have it in writing. In such a case as this it would not be safe for me to obey a verbal order; and let me add that, if you do release them, the fact and the reason will necessarily become known to the people."

Finally Mr. Lincoln took up his hat and went out. Wilmot was waiting in the corridor, and came to meet him.

"Wilmot," he said, "I can't do anything with Watson; he won't release them."

The reply that Wilmot made to this remark cannot be printed here, but it did not affect the judgment nor the action of the President.

The men were retained for a long time afterward. The fraud was fully investigated, and future swindles of the kind were rendered impossible. If Watson could have had his way, the guilty parties —and there were some whose names never got to the public—would have been tried by military commission and sternly dealt with. But my own reflections upon the subject led me to the conclusion that the moderation of the President was wiser than the unrelenting justice of the Assistant Secretary would have been.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

Not a little of my time at the Department was taken up with people who had missions of some kind within the lines of the army. I remember one of these particularly, because it brought me a characteristic letter from General Sherman. There was much suffering among the loyal citizens and the Quakers of East Tennessee in the winter of 1863–64, and many relief committees came to us seeking transportation and safe conduct for themselves and their supplies into that country. Some of these were granted, to the annoyance of General Sherman, then in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The reasons for his objections he gave in the following letter to me, which has never been published before:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *April* 21, 1864.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.,

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

My dear Friend,—It may be Parliamentary, but is not Military, for me to write you; but I feel assured anything I may write will only have the force of a casual conversation, such as we have indulged in by the camp fire or as we jogged along by the road. The text of my letter is one you gave a Philadelphia gentleman who is going up to East Tennessee to hunt up his brother Quakers and administer the bounties of his own and his fellow citizens' charity. Now who would stand in the way of one so kindly and charitably disposed? Surely not I. But other questions present themselves. We have been working hard with tens of thousands of men, and at a cost of millions of dollars, to make railroads to carry to the line of the Tennessee enough provisions and material of war to enable us to push in our physical force to the next stop in the war. I have found, on personal inspection, that hitherto the railroads have barely been able to feed our men, that mules have died by the thousand, that arms and ammunition had [have] laid in the depot for two weeks for want of cars, that no accumulation at all of clothing and stores had been or could be moved at Chattanooga, and that it took four sets of cars and locomotives to accommodate the passes given by military commanders; that gradually the wants of citizens and charities were actually consuming the real resources of a road designed exclusively for army purposes. You have been on the spot, and can understand my argument. At least one hundred citizens daily presented good claims to go forward —women to attend sick children, parents in search of the bodies of some slain in battle, Sanitary Committees sent by States and corporations to look after the personal wants of their constituents, ministers and friends to minister to the Christian wants of their flocks; men who had fled, anxious to go back to look after lost families, etc., etc.; and more still, the tons of goods which they all bore on their merciful errands. None but such as you, who have been present and seen the tens, hundreds, and thousands of such cases, can measure them in the aggregate and segregate the exceptions.

I had no time to hesitate, for but a short month was left me to prepare, and I must be ready to put in motion near one hundred thousand men to move when naught remains to save life. I figured up the mathematics, and saw that I must have daily 145 car loads of essentials for thirty days to enable me to fill the requirement. Only seventy-five daily was all the roads were doing. Now I have got it up to 135. Troops march, cattle go by the road, sanitary and sutler's stores limited, and all is done that human energy can accomplish. Yet come these pressing claims of charity, by men and women who cannot grasp the Great Problem. My usual answer is, "Show me that your presence at the front is more valuable than 200 pounds of powder, bread, or oats;" and it is generally conclusive. I have given Mr. Savery a pass on your letter, and it takes 200 pounds of bread from our soldiers, or the same of oats from our patient mules; but I could not promise to feed the suffering Quakers at the expense of our army. I have ordered all who cannot provide food at the front to be allowed transportation back in our empty cars; but I cannot undertake to transport the food needed by the worthy East Tennesseeans or any of them. In Peace there is a beautiful harmony in all the departments of life—they all fit together like the Chinese puzzle; but in War all is ajar. Nothing fits, and it is the struggle between the stronger and weaker; and the latter, however it may appeal to the better feelings of our nature, must kick the beam. To make war, we must and will harden our hearts.

Therefore, when preachers clamor and the sanitaries wail, don't join in, but know that war, like the thunderbolt, follows its laws, and turns not aside even if the beautiful, the virtuous, and charitable stand in its path.

When the day and the hour comes, I'll strike Joe Johnston, be the result what it may; but in the time allotted to me for preparation I must and will be selfish in making those preparations which I know to be necessary. Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

ICE BREAKING UP ON THE YUKON IN THE SPRING.

HO, FOR THE KLONDIKE!

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE VARIOUS WAYS IN.—WHERE THE GOLD IS FOUND AND HOW IT IS GOT.—WHAT NEW SETTLERS MAY HOPE FOR.

Editor's Note.—This article embodies the latest and most authentic general information regarding the Klondike region and the roads leading into it. Mr. Garland went directly to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior, through whose courtesy interviews were held with the specially detailed engineers just returned from surveying the various routes. These official surveyors went carefully over the whole subject with Mr. Garland, putting him in possession of just the facts which his purpose required. Much of the matter of the article is given, indeed, in their own words. It embodies also matter from valuable official reports, some of which are not yet published. We are not permitted to name all the men who thus served Mr. Garland, but among them were Mr. William Ogilvie and Mr. J. J. McArthur, civil engineers in the service of the Dominion Government; and Dr. George M. Dawson, head of the Dominion Geological Department. Through the kindness of Captain Deville, Dominion Surveyor General, we are enabled also to reproduce hitherto unpublished photographs of scenes along the several routes taken by the Dominion topographical surveyors, W. Ogilvie and Mr. Jennings.

THE word "Klondike" is now universally taken to mean the gold country of the whole mighty region of the British Northwest Territory which lies between the Continental Divide on the east and the Coast Range on the west. Broadly speaking, this region is 300 miles wide and 600 miles long. It reaches from Teslin Lake to Circle City, which lies within the Arctic Zone. The scale of measurements is enormous. The Yukon itself, in midsummer, is actually navigable for boats more than 2,300 miles. In general the region may be described as a wide, hilly valley, meshed with converging streams, deep sunk in the rocks.

It is a grim country, a country of extremes; it has a long and sunless winter, and a short, hot, moist summer. In winter the sun hardly makes itself felt, rising pale and white only for a few hours above the horizon. In summer it shines all day and part of the night. In July, when rain is not falling, the air is close and hot, the thermometer often registering 100 in the shade. Moss covers the high ground like a wet thick sponge throughout vast areas, and the soil is, in effect, perpetually frozen. There is little vegetable mold, and plant life is sparse. Steam arises under the hot sun from the cold, rain-

A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP EAST OF DAWSON CITY, LOOKING NORTHWEST ACROSS YUKON VALLEY. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

soaked moss, and the nights are foggy and damp even in June and July. Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during midsummer, and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region. Life is a warfare. Fuel is scarce. There is little game, and not many fish. There never were many Indians in the district—the valley is too inhospitable for life of any kind to greatly abound. Agriculture is practically impossible. It is likely to freeze any night of the year. The climate, in short, is subarctic in character, and in and about Dawson City nearly all the features of the Arctic Zone are realized. The ice does not go out of the river, even at Dawson, till late in May or June, and the river closes early in September.

EDMONTON AND PEACE RIVER ROUTE.

Having decided that he wishes to take the risk involved in entering this grim country, the miner must decide on his route. The routes may be divided into two groups: the overland and the seaport. Of the overland, there are at present three: the Edmonton and Peace River route, "the Old Telegraph Trail," and the Kamloops inland route. The Edmonton route begins at Edmonton, a small town at the end of a northern spur of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and proceeds by way of Little Slave Lake to Peace River, thence across the divide into the valley of the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek and Teslin Lake, which is the head waters of the Yukon. This route is a very long one, and little information is obtainable concerning it. It is undoubtedly practicable, and will be largely traveled by those not in breathless haste to get to Dawson City. It offers abundant fields for prospecting, and is a pleasant summer route. It will take about sixty days to go from Edmonton to Teslin Lake. The citizens of Edmonton are using all means to make this route easy and safe. It cannot be safely used before the middle of May. Pack horses are plentiful, and feed is good from May 15th to November.

THE OLD TELEGRAPH TRAIL.

The second overland route, the "old telegraph trail," begins at Ashcroft, a small village on the Canadian Pacific Rail-

VIEW ON ELDORADO CREEK, LOOKING SOUTH. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

Eldorado Creek is a branch of the Klondike. It flows through the ravine shown on the left in the picture. The ravine in the foreground is the bed of French Creek.

way, and follows the Fraser River over an excellent stage road constructed by the Canadian government to the little town of Quesnelle, 223 miles north. Good stopping-places abound along the road. Here the road ends, and the trail turns to the west, and passing over a nearly level country with good grass, reaches Fort Fraser on Fraser Lake, 125 miles from Quesnelle. Fort Fraser is a Hudson Bay post and trading-store, with two white men and several families of Indians, quite well civilized, settled near. A limited amount of supplies will be obtainable here. Up to this point the trail is quite level, and though there are hundreds of creeks, none are deep or hard to pass. The three rivers, the Blackwater, the Mud, and the Nechaco, can be forded except in high water, when rafts will have to be used and poled or paddled across. Neither of them is very wide. Many trails cross the route, and it will be necessary to have a native guide, unless some means should be taken to mark the main trail. "In this 125 miles there are over 300 good hay swamps and many Indian villages where feed for the horses can be found in abundance. Indeed, the longest drive without good feed for the horses will not exceed fifteen miles." *

Beyond Fort Fraser the next supply point is Stuart, a Hudson Bay post, with three or four whites and eighty or one hundred Indians, who live in cabins and make their living by hunting, fishing, and trapping. From Fort Fraser to Hazleton is probably 325 miles. The trip from Quesnelle to Hazleton can be made by pack animals, and will require from sixteen to twenty days. Hazleton has a small population of prospectors who winter in the neighborhood. A Hudson Bay post, a few cabins, and a couple of stores are all that are to be found here, although about 15,000 Indians trade at this point. The goods are brought up by a Hudson Bay boat on the Skeena River during high water.

"From here it is about 200 miles to Telegraph Creek. The trail has been traveled for thirty-five years, and the

* From letters of the committee sent out to report to the Spokane "Spokesman" on the condition of the trail; and also from letters of A. L. Poudrier, Dominion Land Surveyor. The word "trail" means a narrow path, admitting only footmen or horses in single file.

WHITE PASS TRAIL: SHKAGWAY RIVER ABOVE PORCUPINE CREEK. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

government has spent thousands of dollars to keep it in first-class condition. It will take from seven to ten days to travel this distance, as it is a little harder than before reaching Hazleton. There are two large stores at Telegraph Creek, and they do a great business." From Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake the trail will be the "Stikine route" now being opened by the Canadian government. It is estimated to be 150 miles long, and can be traversed in ten days or less. At Lake Teslin the trail ends and the water way begins.

The Ashcroft trail is alluring. The climate is genial and the land full of game. There are frequent stopping-places, and the Indians are friendly and helpful. The advantages of this route are offset, however, by obvious disadvantages. It is very long. According to the estimate of Senator Reid, it will take fifty days (forty days from Quesnelle), though by going in light it could be traversed in ten days less time, provided there were no delays for bridge building. It would be possible to go in light, sending the bulk of the outfit by way of Victoria to Telegraph Creek. Part of the outfit could be replenished at Hazleton. It would not be safe to leave Quesnelle till the grass came, say by the 10th of May. After that time the telegraph trail would be a comparatively cheap and pleasant route, with no duties and no toll to pay. It is reasonably safe to count on the early building of bridges and ferries.

In the matter of outfitting, it is probable that Kamloops, Ashcroft, and Quesnelle could furnish complete outfits for a limited number of pack trains, and being upon the Canadian Pacific road, supplies could be hurried forward by telegraph from Victoria, Vancouver, or Winnipeg. The only American outfitting point of any considerable size for this route is Spokane. To outfit in Spokane under present rules would make the outfit dutiable at the line. Ashcroft is a village; Kamloops is a town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants; Quesnelle has about 500 inhabitants. It would be possible also to outfit at Calgary or Winnipeg or even at St. Paul or Minneapolis, shipping the goods direct to Ashcroft, Edmonton, Hazelton, or Glenora, according to whichever route the prospector elected to take.

THE KAMLOOPS ROUTE.

Kamloops, the next town east of Ashcroft, is also advertising an overland route. As between Ashcroft and Kamloops, Ashcroft has the advantage of a good wagon road the entire distance to Quesnelle; but the people of Kamloops are actively en-

PACKING OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

gaged in opening a road which they claim runs through a better grass country. It passes up the North Thompson River, and crossing the divide, follows the Fraser River to Fort George, thence up the Nechaco, striking the Ashcroft trail at the headwaters of the Bulkley River. This road is not yet opened.

Cattle have been used for packing in this country to very good advantage. They are slower than horses, but carry about the same amount, and, if carefully used, will fatten on the road and sell readily to the butchers at the end of the journey. Horses could be sold at Glenora, probably, though this is a risk.

It is estimated that horses will cost about thirty dollars at Ashcroft; and each man will require one saddle horse and two pack horses. He is then his own master, and expenses thereafter will be light. It is estimated that $200 would enable a man to go through from Ashcroft to Teslin Lake, but no one should undertake the journey with less than $500 in hand.

THE ST. MICHAELS ROUTE.

Of seaport routes there are six: one by way of St. Michaels, three by way of Lynn Canal, one by way of the Stikine River, and one by way of Taku Inlet. Of these, the longest, safest, and most leisurely is that by way of St. Michaels. It carries the miner by steamer from San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, or Victoria to the mouth of the Yukon, thence by river steamboat direct to Dawson City and other gold fields. The fare by this route ranges from $150 to $300, and includes meals and berths, and the free transportation of 150 pounds of baggage. The excess baggage charge on a miner's outfit is about ten cents per pound. There are no hardships connected with this method of reaching Dawson City; but it is slow. It is more than 4,000 miles to Dawson from Seattle, and as the ice does not go out of the middle river until June, the miner will not be able to reach his mine before winter begins to return.

Lynn Canal is a long narrow arm of the sea which runs deep into the high mountains of the Alaskan coast, not far from the town of Juneau. It is, in fact, a deep, narrow chasm or cañon between the mountains, into which the Chilkat and the Chilkoot rivers empty. At this point the tide waters and the head waters of the Yukon are but twenty-five or thirty miles apart, and because of that fact three trails already lead across the divide. Lynn Canal will undoubtedly be the best known entry point on the Alaskan coast. Here

VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM THE DALTON TRAIL, BETWEEN DALTON'S POST AND HOOTCHI LAKE. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

is situated the town of Shkagway, which already contains 2,000 inhabitants and will be a city by the first of April. From here the Chilkoot Pass, White Pass, and Dalton trails severally make their start.

THE DALTON TRAIL.

The Dalton pack trail starts from the Chilkat arm of Lynn Canal, and strikes directly towards the Lewis River. My information regarding this trail is derived mainly from an interview held expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE with Mr. J. J. McArthur, Dominion Land Surveyor. In reply to my question, "How could I go on over that trail from Seattle, Vancouver, or Victoria?" Mr. McArthur said: "You should take ship for Lynn Canal and land at Haines Mission, which is on the Chilkoot arm of Lynn Canal a little below Shkagway.*

"The trail, after leaving the mission, leads up the Chilkat River to the point where the Tlehini River comes in, then follows the Tlehini. The road is flat and gravelly to this point. The trail now begins to climb. It is an old Indian trail, but has been improved by Dalton. After reaching the upland, the trail enters upon a high and open country through which a wagon road is possible with very slight improvement, such as clearing out timber and grading some of the side hills. The trail at present climbs over the hills, to avoid the wet and soggy places.

"The highest point is 3,100 feet above the sea, and is covered with heather and bunch grass. By the middle of May feed is good. The trail crosses the Tlehini near its source, at a point called Rainy Hollow, where is considerable timber. This point is about fifty miles from tide water. You will still be on the seaward slope, but pretty close to the divide. There are several local divides to cross before you reach the inner watershed, but they are not difficult to cross. You will hardly realize that you are crossing from one to the other. You will next come to Dalton's Post, which consists of a large trading store with an Indian village near by. After leaving Dalton's, the country will continue to be open and easy of travel. You will ascend for a short dis-

* As far as possible, the spelling of proper names adopted by the American Geographical Society is followed in this article.

VIEW ON THE DALTON TRAIL, SOUTHWEST OF DALTON'S POST. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

tance until you pass the head waters of the Alsek and reach the watershed of the Yukon and Hootchi Lake.

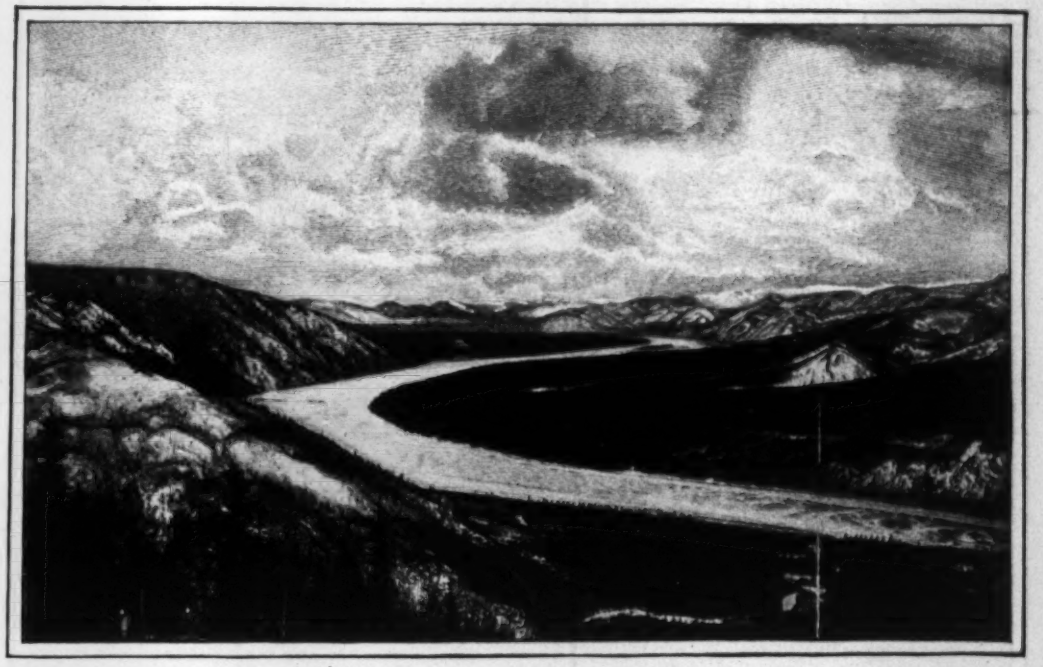
"It is impracticable to reach Fort Selkirk direct from this point. High, mossy, and rocky hills lie between. The ridges are covered with moss like a huge sponge right up to the summit, and underneath is broken rock, making it a very difficult country to traverse. The trail which you will follow is the old Indian trail; it bears to the northeast towards the Lewis River, which it attains at the mouth of the Nordenskiold, and keeping down Lewis River ends just below Rink Rapids. This half of the trail runs through wide, flat, grassy valleys, and the entire distance from Haines Mission is not more than 245 miles. Dalton has shortened it somewhat and improved it in places, but does not charge toll. The trail is open to any one. At Rink Rapids there is very considerable timber, some of it eighteen inches in diameter, so that lumber for boats will be plenty. It is probable that a town will spring up at the end of the Dalton trail, for it is sure to be a much traveled route.

"You cannot start on this trail before the 15th of May, but you should be on the spot a little earlier and have your horses and their packs at the head of tide water, which would save forty miles. The goods can go up by boat to the Tlehini. If you go in light, take a saddle horse and a couple of pack horses for each man. You can reach Rink Rapids in ten or twelve days, traveling about twenty miles a day. In summer you may make possibly twenty-five miles per day. If feeding-stations were established, one could go through at any time. There are fine hay lands all along this route, and there is no difficulty in the matter of feed after May 15th."

The intent of the Dalton trail, as well as of the Chilkoot and White Pass trails, is to land the miner in some one of the head waters of the Yukon, in order that he may float down the current at his will. In each case there is a strip of American soil to cross and a high bleak mountain pass to climb. What is gained by easy grade is lost in distance.

CHILKOOT PASS AND WHITE PASS ROUTES.

Beside Chilkat Inlet, and on the east of it, at the head of Lynn Canal, is Chilkoot Inlet, into which flows Dyea Inlet; and into Dyea Inlet flow the Shkagway and Dyea



THE YUKON AT THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE WHITE LINE AT THE RIGHT IN THE PICTURE SHOWS WHERE THE BOUNDARY RUNS. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

rivers. Up the Shkagway River runs the White Pass, or Shkagway, route; and up the Dyea River runs the Chilkoot Pass, or Dyea, route. The distance to Lake Lindeman is twenty-six miles by the Chilkoot Pass route, which starts at the town of Dyea, at the head of Dyea Inlet; and forty-six miles by the White Pass route, which starts at the town of Shkagway, a little lower down on Dyea Inlet. The two passes are not very widely different from each other in character, being "simply narrow, tortuous, ever-ascending gorges in the mountain-chain." They are shorter than any of the other passes. The routes to which they give name, though rugged, steep, and exposed to violent storms, are likely to be the most traveled and the most over-worked of all the routes to the Yukon. Everything that business enterprise can do to facilitate transportation is being done. At Shkagway they are building two large piers, in order that steamers may lie alongside even at low tide and discharge freight. A tramway and also a wagon road are building from the wharf at Shkagway to the summit of the White Pass, which is several hundred feet lower than the Chilkoot Pass. Bridges are being built and the trail improved. These improvements will be charged for, however. Toll will be collected for use of the bridges, and during the rush freights will be high.

Dyea is also making a smart bid for traffic. A tramway is being built to the mouth of the cañon, and from there it is proposed to carry freight to the summit of Chilkoot Pass by means of an aërial cableway. This cable road is expected to transport 120 tons of freight daily.

By either of these two ways the traveler is landed at Lake Bennett by his packers and freighters, and thence he is supposed to be able to make his way down the Lewis River without further expense. If he takes one route, he will wish he had taken the other, no doubt. The cost of getting an outfit from say Seattle or Victoria will be about ten dollars per ton. The cost of getting it over the passes will range all the way from thirty to fifty cents per pound. "If you go in before the middle of April and are strong and active, you may be able to take your outfit in on a sled. The trail is better when packed deep with snow than when bare and boggy. A party could 'double teams' in hauling hand-sleds, and in this way avoid a large part of the expense. But by neither of these ways is the journey as simple as it may seem. You take ship, for example, at Seattle, Tacoma, or Portland, for Shkagway. You pay, first of all, fare for yourself, freight charges for your supplies, horses, implements, whatever you have with you. Three or four

days' sail takes you to the head of Dyea Inlet; but does not, by any means, land you at the trail. You are at Shkagway or Dyea, but without means of transportation unless you have brought horses with you. If you hire your goods transported, you are at the mercy of such freighters as have this matter in hand. If there is a great rush, which is likely, there may be very great delay in getting your goods carried even to the end of the wagon road. From the end of the wagon road your goods must be packed by sled, if there is snow; or upon the backs of men or horses, if the snow has melted; and the cost will be very great. If the trail should be crowded, as is likely to be the case, very great delay may be experienced in getting to the summit. Last autumn the trails were one long line of struggling men and horses, and the price of packing reached fifty-three cents per pound.

"Having reached Lake Lindeman at considerable cost and after much longer delay than you had anticipated, you will find yourself again helpless on the shore of the lake. A ferry charge will be met, and having reached the end of the lake and having crossed the portage to Lake Bennett, while you are done with packers, your troubles are not over. By the 1st of April there will be very little timber remaining out of which to construct rafts. If there are boats for freighting purposes, their owners will be masters of the situation, and there will be very considerable charges for transportation down the river. Unless you go in able to carry your own outfit with a 'knock-down' boat capable of floating supplies on both lake and river, you will be at the mercy of the transportation companies on either side of the summit."

Undoubtedly, with plenty of money it will be possible to go from Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, or Victoria to the head waters of the Yukon in shorter time by either Chilkoot Pass or White Pass than by any other route; but it must be understood that it is not, and will not be, the poor man's route during the rush of March and April, and it will be attended by many hardships and killing hard work.

THE ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE.*

Very naturally the Canadian people desire to have it known that there is to be an all-Canadian route via the Stikine River. If you desire to go in by this way you will proceed to Victoria, Portland, Seattle, or Tacoma by any convenient line of railway, and there take steamer to Wrangell, about three days' sail up the coast. From Wrangell you will be transported by river boats up the Stikine River to Glenora, a distance of 150 miles, which will take several days longer. From Glenora, or from Telegraph Creek, which is a few miles beyond Glenora, you will be obliged to cross by pack to the head waters of Teslin Lake, which is connected by Teslin River with Lewis River, and so with the Yukon. This trail is about 175 miles long,* but it is comparatively easy, and will be shortened considerably as soon as spring opens. The journey across country by trail can be made as comfortably as any travel of the kind. There are no dangerous features. The ground, both in the open and timbered district, is covered, to a depth of about two feet, with moss; but during the open season, between May and the middle of October, sufficient grass for 200 or 300 animals can be obtained all along the route. It would not be practicable to travel over this trail before the 1st of May, as snow is likely to be on the ground in many places and the grass is not far enough advanced to meet the requirements of pack animals. There are no settlements on the route.

Teslin Lake opens about the middle of May, and closes about the 26th of October. Last year it was open till the middle of October, and there was no indication of its closing immediately. The slopes and benches along Teslin Lake are fairly timbered with a growth of spruce and black pine, the average size of this timber being about ten inches, and sufficient for scantling, flooring, and sheeting for house purposes and for boat-building. The machinery for a saw-mill is now being transported across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake; the same company intend to place a steamboat on Teslin Lake and river on the opening of navigation, and skiffs, scow boats, etc., suitable for navigating the Yukon waters are to be kept for sale.

With proper roads or railway facilities from the Stikine to Teslin Lake, no better route could be found for getting into the Yukon country from the Pacific seaboard. The region about Teslin Lake, including

* The information here given regarding this route is derived from the advance sheets of a special report to the Dominion Government. For the privilege of using this report, I am indebted to the courtesy of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior.

* There are various estimates of the length of this trail; the one given above is official. The trail is to be much shortened.

the rivers flowing into it from the east, is considered very good prospecting country, and it is likely that the coming season will find a large number of miners engaged in that vicinity. Rich strikes have been reported from there quite recently; and Teslin Lake is likely to have "the call" next season. The Canadian Pacific Railway officials announce that the journey from Victoria to Telegraph Creek can be made comfortably in six days, and that several large new steamers have been put into service from Victoria. This route has two marked advantages: First, if the miner should outfit in Winnipeg, Victoria, or any other Canadian town, he will be able to go into the gold region without paying duty, a saving of from fifteen to thirty-five per cent.; and, second, as soon as he passes Telegraph Creek, he will be in the heart of a gold country, and can at once begin to prospect.

It is probable that stopping-places will be established along the route, so that a man can go in light at a considerable saving of time. This route and the Dalton trail will undoubtedly be the ones advocated by the Canadian Interior Department, and steps will be taken before the 1st of March to furnish means of transportation. It would be possible for the miner to send his outfit through to Glenora in bond without the payment of duties. Whether the difference in price between American towns and Canadian towns will offset any of these duties or not can only be determined by the purchaser on the ground.

There is also a trail up the Taku River from Juneau, and overland to Teslin Lake, but this is not as yet thoroughly surveyed, and the bay at the mouth of Taku River at certain times is very dangerous by reason of fierce winds, lack of good anchorage, and floating ice from the enormous glacier which discharges into it. Another pass is just reported from Chilkoot Inlet; but every overland route from the sea to the Yukon must climb the steep, cold, and slippery heights of the Coast Range. They are all alike in general features. They are all difficult.

FINDING "PAY DIRT."

To find "pay dirt" has never been easy, and it will not be easy in the Yukon. Dr. Dawson, the head of the Canadian Geological Survey, has this to say on this point: "Rumors of big strikes will be thick, and are likely to be false. Even when the report is true, the tenderfoot, being without means of transportation and knowing nothing of the country, will reach the point of discovery only after every rod of pay dirt is staked, and he will find it extremely difficult even to buy an interest in a claim, and will be forced to set forth on his journeys again to some other regions of discovery. My advice is: Scatter out; go into the creeks of the upper branches of the Yukon. It is of no value to go to the Klondike, to Indian River, or any of the creeks where discoveries were made last year. They have all been staked beyond pay dirt, both up and down from the point of discovery. Keep higher up, and prospect the small streams. This is my advice to the tenderfoot, which I do not expect any one to follow." *

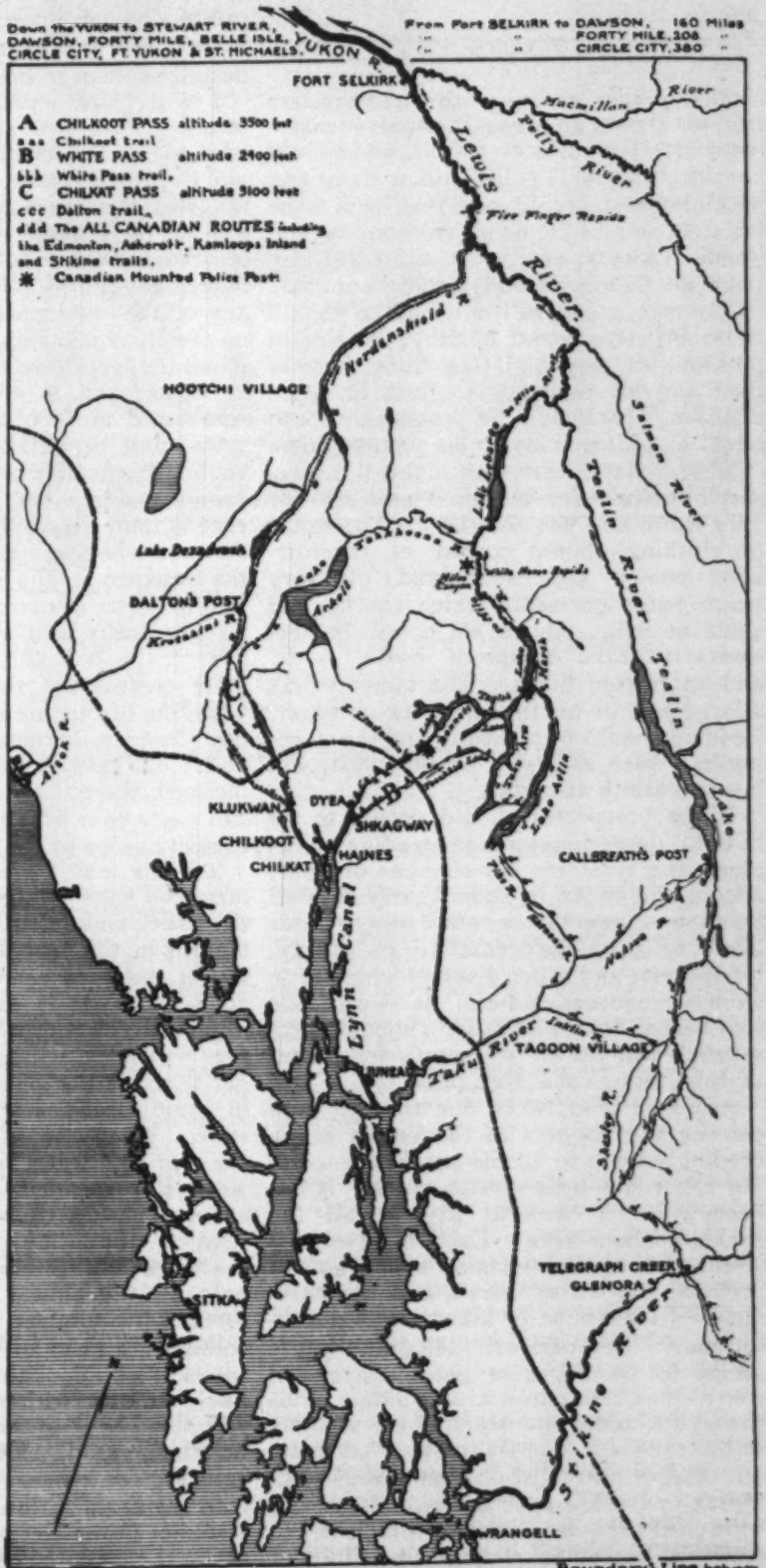
THE WORK OF MINING.

Having been lucky enough to find color in the gravel or sand, you will be required to stake out your claim at once, so that there can be no mistake with regard to boundaries. You may take a strip not more than 100 feet in width along the stream, but your claim may extend back to the hills which bound in the valley. If you are fortunate enough to make the first discovery, you will be allowed to stake a second claim of 100 feet. You are then allowed sixty days in which to visit the nearest land office and make your entry. The cost of making this entry is fifteen dollars. Thereafter, if you leave your claim for seventy-two hours without permission of the Gold Commissioner, or without putting a man on it, you forfeit your right to work the claim. When you clean up, you will be required to pay a royalty upon all the gold you take out—ten per cent. of all returns up to $500 per week, and twenty per cent. on all returns over $500 per week. However, this will not trouble you until you have opened up your pay streak. These are the regulations at present. They are subject to change by the Dominion Interior Department.

Having made your claim, you can now begin the work of constructing your shelter, and here you should take time to build yourself a comfortable shanty. If you are fortunate enough to get located near timber, you will be able to construct very readily a log cabin, which when banked with snow in the winter will be warm.

* From an interview for McClure's Magazine.

You are now ready to begin the work of mining. Except in a few instances, the gold will be upon the creek flats. The pay streak is seldom more than three feet in depth, and it lies under a layer of moss, ice, frozen muck, and gravel ranging from three to thirty feet in depth. If you start in summer to dig a hole to bed rock, the probabilities are that it will fill with water. But as soon as the ground is frozen sufficiently to enable you to prosecute your work without interference from the water, you sink a hole to the bed rock by means of a pick. If it is frozen too hard to dig, you build a fire on the gravel and heat the ground until it can be picked and shoveled, and after the layer of softened ground is taken out, you rebuild the fire. This requires a great deal of wood and is slow work. In this way the pay dirt may be taken from underneath the surface in the winter. In May the sun comes rushing up from the south with astonishing heat. It softens the dump of pay dirt, and as soon as this can be shoveled into the sluice-boxes, you begin washing.



OUTFITS.

The miner entering the remorseless country should go prepared for an encampment of six months or a year, and should consider that he is going into a daily war with hunger and cold, and that he is to be isolated, in all likelihood, from stores and goods of almost every sort, and especially from all delicacies and medical supplies. Every man going to the Klondike should be sober, strong, and healthy; he should be sound of lung and free from rheumatism and all tendency to liver or heart diseases. He should be practical, able to adapt himself quickly to his surroundings.

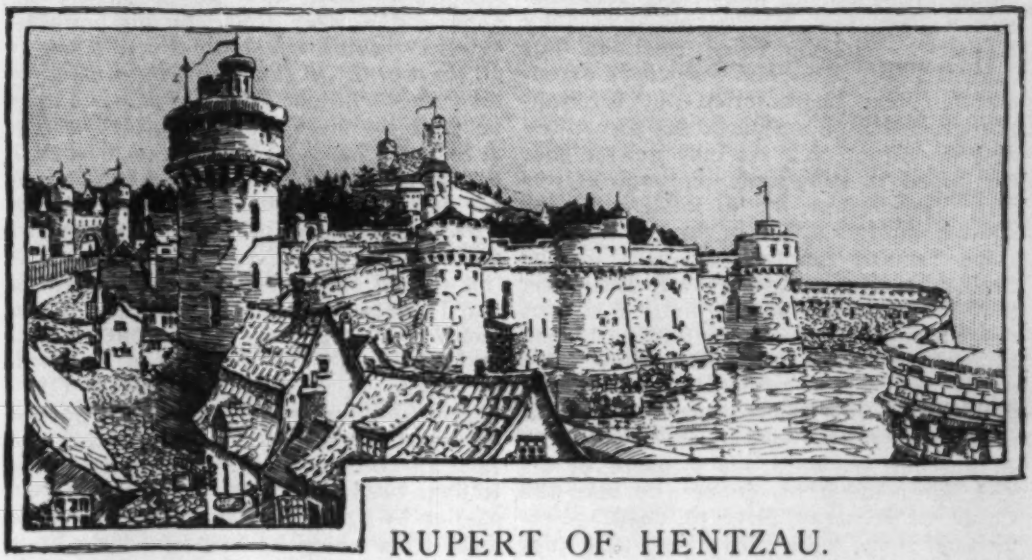
The climatic extremes make it necessary to prepare for very cold and also for very warm and wet weather. The outfit of clothing should consist of comfortable woolen underwear and of very warm outer garments which can be laid aside at will. Above all, it will be necessary to take rainproof coats, tents, and waterproof boots. The miner works a large part of his time in snow or water. Bedding should be plentiful, and the sleeping-bag, such as is sold on the coast, will insure warmth at night.

If the prospector should decide to go in light, depending upon the trading points along the river for his supplies of flour, bacon, and sugar, he should carry in dried fruits and vegetables and other foods likely to prove preventative of scurvy, biliousness, and other diseases which arise from a monotonous diet. It is probable that bacon, flour, and other common necessaries will be in full supply by the 1st of July, though at a high price.

Any man who takes due thought concerning the dangers of the Yukon is exceedingly loath to advise another concerning the route by which to enter. It has been my aim here to present all the routes without bias. Each is advocated strenuously by the business men who will profit by the travel over it, and the statements of these must be taken with a due allowance. The Ashcroft "telegraph trail" seems to be the most feasible overland route. The Edmonton way is longer, runs through a colder country, and is less likely to be traveled. The Dalton trail has many advantages, provided one has means sufficient to purchase pack horses and cares to wait until the grass is grown sufficiently to feed his horses en route. The Chilkoot Pass and White Pass routes have been much written about, but the miner may safely depend upon finding them much more difficult than any published report describes them to be.

I will close with a word of general warning, first from Mr. William Ogilvie, who says: "Now, lest you get excited and drop everything and fly there, let me tell you emphatically, yes, emphatically, that all the Klondike region I speak of is located, is taken up, and if you now have money enough to purchase an interest in any of the one hundred claims mentioned on the Bonanza and the forty odd on the Eldorado, you have money enough to stay at home; and, in all human probability, would add more to it, and enjoy it much more, and benefit by it much more, socially, physically, and morally, than by bringing it into the Yukon. My experience is, and I have had considerable, that the man who stays at home and plods on the farm or in the shop or office, in the vast majority of cases, is better off, healthier physically and morally, and has answered the end of nature or God vastly more completely, than the man who devotes his life to the calling of the everyday placer gold miner. Somebody must do it; but I assure you, if you are viciously inclined, there is no calling in which you can waste your life so completely and fully in every sense of the word."

To this may be added the reports of men who have wintered and summered in this cruel and relentless land. For nine months in the year it is necessary to melt ice in order to get water to drink or to cook with. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain dry wood with which to build a fire. It is exceedingly laborious work to get together the logs to build a cabin, and in some locations it is absolutely impossible. When the snows begin to melt in the spring, water is everywhere. All work is suspended in many mines, while summer rushes over the land. There is scarcely any spring. The discomforts of the dark and sunless winter give place only to the almost intolerable discomforts of the summer. In short, the Yukon country is a grim and terrible country, and the man who goes there to spend a year is likely to earn with the ache of his bones and the blood of his heart every dollar he finds in gold. He should go like a man enlisting for a war. He should be able to pass the examination which is required of a soldier in the German army, or of an officer in the mounted police of the Canadian government. It is no place for weak men, lazy men, or cowards.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's accomplice, Rischenheim, hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll and made to give up the copy. Then, in Rischenheim's name, Rassendyll telegraphs to Rupert to come by night and meet the king in a remote hunting-lodge, bringing the original letter with him. Rupert comes, and—through a failure of the plans of Rassendyll and his friends—actually meets the king. But before he can give him the letter they fall into quarrel, and Rupert shoots him down, with his one attendant, Herbert. Later in the night, Colonel Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant James, arriving at the lodge, find the king dead and Herbert only enough alive to tell the story. Meanwhile, Rassendyll has gone to Strelsau to deal with Rupert directly there, in case the telegram failed to lure him to the hunting-lodge.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KING IN THE HUNTING-LODGE.

THE moment with its shock and tumult of feeling brings one judgment, later reflection another. Among the sins of Rupert of Hentzau I do not assign the first and greatest place to his killing of the king. It was, indeed, the act of a reckless man who stood at nothing and held nothing sacred; but when I consider Herbert's story, and trace how the deed came to be done and the impulsion of circumstances that led to it, it seems to have been in some sort thrust upon him by the same perverse fate that dogged our steps. He had meant the king no harm—indeed it may be argued that, from whatever motive, he had sought to serve him—and save under the sudden stress of self-defense he had done him none. The king's unlooked-for ignorance of his errand, Herbert's honest hasty zeal, the temper of Boris the hound, had forced on him an act unmeditated and utterly against his interest. His whole guilt lay in preferring the king's death to his own—a crime perhaps in most men, but hardly deserving a place in Rupert's catalogue. All this I can admit now, but on that

Copyright, 1898, by A. H. Hawkins.

night, with the dead body lying there before us, with the story piteously told by Herbert's faltering voice fresh in our ears, it was hard to allow any such extenuation. Our hearts cried out for vengeance, although we ourselves served the king no more. Nay, it may well be that we hoped to stifle some reproach of our own consciences by a louder clamor against another's sin, or longed to offer some fancied empty atonement to our dead master by executing swift justice on the man who had killed him. I cannot tell fully what the others felt, but in me at least the dominant impulse was to waste not a moment in proclaiming the crime and raising the whole country in pursuit of Rupert, so that every man in Ruritania should quit his work, his pleasure, or his bed, and make it his concern to take the Count of Hentzau, alive or dead. I remember that I walked over to where Sapt was sitting, and caught him by the arm, saying:

"We must raise the alarm. If you'll go to Zenda, I'll start for Strelsau."

"The alarm?" said he, looking up at me and tugging his mustache.

"Yes: when the news is known, every man in the kingdom will be on the lookout for him, and he can't escape."

"So that he'd be taken?" asked the constable.

"Yes, to a certainty," I cried, hot in excitement and emotion.

Sapt glanced across at Mr. Rassendyll's servant. James had, with my help, raised the king's body on to the bed, and had aided the wounded forester to reach a couch. He stood now near the constable, in his usual unobtrusive readiness. He did not speak, but I saw a look of understanding in his eyes as he nodded his head to Colonel Sapt. They were well matched, that pair, hard to move, hard to shake, not to be turned from the purpose in their minds and the matter that lay to their hands.

"Yes, he'd probably be taken or killed," said Sapt.

"Then let's do it!" I cried.

"With the queen's letter on him," said Colonel Sapt.

I had forgotten.

"We have the box, he has the letter still," said Sapt.

I could have laughed even at that moment. He had left the box (whether from haste or heedlessness or malice, we could not tell), but the letter was on him. Taken alive, he would use that powerful weapon to save his life or satisfy his anger; if it were found on his body, its evidence would speak loud and clear to all the world. Again he was protected by his crime: while he had the letter, he must be kept inviolate from all attack except at our own hands. We desired his death, but we must be his body-guard and die in his defense rather than let any other but ourselves come at him. No open means must be used, and no allies sought. All this rushed to my mind at Sapt's words, and I saw what the constable and James had never forgotten. But what to do I could not see. For the King of Ruritania lay dead.

An hour or more had passed since our discovery, and it was now close on midnight. Had all gone well we ought by this time to have been far on our road back to the castle; by this time Rupert must be miles away from where he had killed the king; already Mr. Rassendyll would be seeking his enemy in Strelsau.

"But what are we to do about—about that, then?" I asked, pointing with my finger through the doorway towards the bed.

Sapt gave a last tug at his mustache, then crossed his hands on the hilt of the sword between his knees, and leant forward in his chair.

"Nothing," he said, looking in my face. "Until we have the letter, nothing."

"But it's impossible!" I cried.

"Why, no, Fritz," he answered thoughtfully. "It's not impossible yet; it may become so. But if we can catch Rupert in the next day, or even in the next two days, it's not impossible. Only let me have the letter, and I'll account for the concealment. What? Is the fact that crimes are known never concealed, for fear of putting the criminal on his guard?"

"You'll be able to make a story, sir," James put in, with a grave but reassuring air.

"Yes, James, I shall be able to make a story, or your master will make one for me. But, by God, story or no story, the letter mustn't be found. Let them say we killed him ourselves if they like, but——"

I seized his hand and gripped it.

"You don't doubt I'm with you?" I asked.

"Not for a moment, Fritz," he answered.

"Then how can we do it?"

We drew nearer together; Sapt and I sat, while James leant over Sapt's chair

The oil in the lamp was almost exhausted, and the light burnt very dim. Now and again poor Herbert, for whom our skill could do nothing, gave a slight moan. I am ashamed to remember how little we thought of him, but great schemes make the actors in them careless of humanity; the life of a man goes for nothing against a point in the game. Except for his groans—and they grew fainter and less frequent—our voices alone broke the silence of the little lodge.

"The queen must know," said Sapt. "Let her stay at Zenda and give out that the king is at the lodge for a day or two longer. Then you, Fritz—for you must ride to the castle at once—and Bernenstein must get to Strelsau as quick as you can, and find Rudolf Rassendyll. You three ought to be able to track young Rupert down and get the letter from him. If he's not in the city, you must catch Rischenheim, and force him to say where he is; we know Rischenheim can be persuaded. If Rupert's there, I need give no advice either to you or to Rudolf."

"And you?"

"James and I stay here. If any one comes whom we can keep out, the king is ill. If rumors get about, and great folk come, why, they must enter."

"But the body?"

"This morning, when you're gone, we shall make a temporary grave. I dare say two," and he jerked his thumb towards poor Herbert. "Or even," he added, with his grim smile, "three—for our friend Boris, too, must be out of sight."

"You'll bury the king?"

"Not so deep but that we can take him out again, poor fellow. Well, Fritz, have you a better plan?"

I had no plan, and I was not in love with Sapt's plan. Yet it offered us four and twenty hours. For that time, at least, it seemed as if the secret could be kept. Beyond that we could hardly hope for success; after that we must produce the king; dead or alive, the king must be seen. Yet it might be that before the respite ran out Rupert would be ours. In fine, what else could be chosen? For now a greater peril threatened than that against which we had at the first sought to guard. Then the worst we feared was that the letter should come to the king's hands. That could never be. But it would be a worse thing if it were found on Rupert, and all the kingdom, nay, all Europe, know that it was written in the hand of her who was now, in her own right, Queen of Ruritania. To save her from that, no chance was too desperate, no scheme too perilous; yes, if, as Sapt said, we ourselves were held to answer for the king's death, still we must go on. I, through whose negligence the whole train of disaster had been laid, was the last man to hesitate. In all honesty, I held my life due and forfeit, should it be demanded of me—my life and, before the world, my honor.

So the plan was made. A grave was to be dug ready for the king; if need arose, his body should be laid in it, and the place chosen was under the floor of the wine-cellar. When death came to poor Herbert, he could lie in the yard behind the house; for Boris they meditated a resting-place under the tree where our horses were tethered. There was nothing to keep me, and I rose; but as I rose, I heard the forester's voice call plaintively for me. The unlucky fellow knew me well, and now cried to me to sit by him. I think Sapt wanted me to leave him, but I could not refuse his last request, even though it consumed some precious minutes. He was very near his end, and, sitting by him, I did my best to soothe his passing. His fortitude was good to see, and I believe that we all at last found new courage for our enterprise from seeing how this humble man met death. At least even the constable ceased to show impatience, and let me stay till I could close the sufferer's eyes.

But thus time went, and it was nearly five in the morning before I bade them farewell and mounted my horse. They took theirs and led them away to the stables behind the lodge; I waved my hand and galloped off on my return to the castle. Day was dawning, and the air was fresh and pure. The new light brought new hope; fears seemed to vanish before it; my nerves were strung to effort and to confidence. My horse moved freely under me and carried me easily along the grassy avenues. It was hard then to be utterly despondent, hard to doubt skill of brain, strength of hand, or fortune's favor.

The castle came in sight, and I hailed it with a glad cry that echoed among the trees. But a moment later I gave an exclamation of surprise, and raised myself a little from the saddle while I gazed earnestly at the summit of the keep. The flagstaff was naked; the royal standard that had flapped in the wind last night was gone. But by immemorial custom the flag flew on the keep when the king or the

queen was at the castle. It would fly for Rudolf V. no more; but why did it not proclaim and honor the presence of Queen Flavia? I sat down in my saddle and spurred my horse to the top of his speed. We had been buffeted by fate sorely, but now I feared yet another blow.

In a quarter of an hour more I was at the door. A servant ran out, and I dismounted leisurely and easily. Pulling off my gloves, I dusted my boots with them, turned to the stableman and bade him look to the horse, and then said to the footman:

"As soon as the queen is dressed, find out if she can see me. I have a message from His Majesty."

The fellow looked a little puzzled, but at this moment Hermann, the king's major-domo, came to the door.

"Isn't the constable with you, my lord?" he asked.

"No, the constable remains at the lodge with the king," said I carelessly, though I was very far from careless. "I have a message for Her Majesty, Hermann. Find out from some of the women when she will receive me."

"The queen's not here," said he. "Indeed we've had a lively time, my lord. At five o'clock she came out, ready dressed, from her room, sent for Lieutenant von Bernenstein, and announced that she was about to set out from the castle. As you know, the mail train passes here at six." Hermann took out his watch. "Yes, the queen must just have left the station."

"Where for?" I asked, with a shrug for the woman's whim.

"Why, for Strelsau. She gave no reasons for going, and took with her only one lady, Lieutenant von Bernenstein being in attendance. It was a bustle, if you like, with everybody to be roused and got out of bed, and a carriage to be made ready, and messages to go to the station, and——"

"She gave no reasons?"

"None, my lord. She left with me a letter to the constable, which she ordered me to give into his own hands as soon as he arrived at the castle. She said it contained a message of importance, which the constable was to convey to the king, and that it must be intrusted to nobody except Colonel Sapt himself. I wonder, my lord, that you didn't notice that the flag was hauled down."

"Tut, man, I wasn't staring at the keep. Give me the letter." For I saw that the clue to this fresh puzzle must lie under the cover of Sapt's letter. That letter I must myself carry to Sapt, and without loss of time.

"Give you the letter, my lord? But, pardon me, you're not the constable." He laughed a little.

"Why, no," said I, mustering a smile. "It's true that I'm not the constable, but I'm going to the constable. I had the king's orders to rejoin him as soon as I had seen the queen, and since Her Majesty isn't here, I shall return to the lodge directly a fresh horse can be saddled for me. And the constable's at the lodge. Come, the letter!"

"I can't give it you, my lord. Her Majesty's orders were positive."

"Nonsense! If she had known I should come and not the constable, she would have told me to carry it to him."

"I don't know about that, my lord: her orders were plain, and she doesn't like being disobeyed."

The stableman had led the horse away, the footman had disappeared, Hermann and I were alone. "Give me the letter," I said; and I know that my self-control failed, and eagerness was plain in my voice. Plain it was, and Hermann took alarm. He started back, clapping his hand to the breast of his laced coat. The gesture betrayed where the letter was; I was past prudence; I sprang on him and wrenched his hand away, catching him by the throat with my other hand. Diving into his pocket, I got the letter. Then I suddenly loosed hold of him, for his eyes were starting out of his head. I took out a couple of gold pieces and gave them to him.

"It's urgent, you fool," said I. "Hold your tongue about it." And without waiting to study his amazed red face, I turned and ran towards the stable. In five minutes I was on a fresh horse, in six I was clear of the castle, heading back fast as I could go for the hunting-lodge. Even now Hermann remembers the grip I gave him—though doubtless he has long spent the pieces of gold.

When I reached the end of this second journey, I came in for the obsequies of Boris. James was just patting the ground under the tree with a mattock when I rode up; Sapt was standing by, smoking his pipe. The boots of both were stained and sticky with mud. I flung myself from my saddle and blurted out my news. The constable snatched at his letter with an oath; James leveled the ground with care-

ful accuracy; I do not remember doing anything except wiping my forehead and feeling very hungry.

"Good Lord, she's gone after him!" said Sapt, as he read. Then he handed me the letter.

I will not set out what the queen wrote. The purport seemed to us, who did not share her feelings, pathetic indeed and moving, but in the end (to speak plainly) folly. She had tried to endure her sojourn at Zenda, she said; but it drove her mad. She could not rest; she did not know how we fared, nor how those in Strelsau; for hours she had lain awake; then at last falling asleep, she had dreamt. "I had had the same dream before. Now it came again. I saw him so plain. He seemed to me to be king, and to be called king. But he did not answer nor move. He seemed dead; and I could not rest." So she wrote, ever excusing herself, ever repeating how something drew her to Strelsau, telling her that she must go if she would see "him whom you know," alive again. "And I must see him—ah, I must see him! If the king has had the letter, I am ruined already. If he has not, tell him what you will or what you can contrive. I must go. It came a second time, and all so plain. I saw him; I tell you I saw him. Ah, I must see him again. I swear that I will only see him once. He's in danger—I know he's in danger; or what does the dream mean? Bernenstein will go with me, and I shall see him. Do, do forgive me: I can't stay, the dream was so plain." Thus she ended, seeming, poor lady, half frantic with the visions that her own troubled brain and desolate heart had conjured up to torment her. I did not know that she had before told Mr. Rassendyll himself of this strange dream; though I lay small store by such matters, believing that we ourselves make our dreams, fashioning out of the fears and hopes of to-day what seems to come by night in the guise of a mysterious revelation. Yet there are some things that a man cannot understand, and I do not profess to measure with my mind the ways of God.

However, not why the queen went, but that she had gone, concerned us. We had returned to the house now, and James, remembering that men must eat though kings die, was getting us some breakfast. In fact, I had great need of food, being utterly worn out; and they, after their labors, were hardly less weary. As we ate, we talked; and it was plain to us that I also must go to Strelsau. There, in the city, the drama must be played out. There was Rudolf, there Rischenheim, there in all likelihood Rupert of Hentzau, there now the queen. And of these Rupert alone, or perhaps Rischenheim also, knew that the king was dead, and how the issue of last night had shaped itself under the compelling hand of wayward fortune. The king lay in peace on his bed, his grave was dug; Sapt and James held the secret with solemn faith and ready lives. To Strelsau I must go to tell the queen that she was widowed, and to aim the stroke at young Rupert's heart.

At nine in the morning I started from the lodge. I was bound to ride to Hofbau and there wait for a train which would carry me to the capital. From Hofbau I could send a message, but the message must announce only my own coming, not the news I carried. To Sapt, thanks to the cipher, I could send word at any time, and he bade me ask Mr. Rassendyll whether he should come to our aid, or stay where he was.

"A day must decide the whole thing," he said. "We can't conceal the king's death long. For God's sake, Fritz, make an end of that young villain, and get the letter."

So, wasting no time in farewells, I set out. By ten o'clock I was at Hofbau, for I rode furiously. From there I sent to Bernenstein at the palace word of my coming. But there I was delayed. There was no train for an hour.

"I'll ride," I cried to myself, only to remember the next moment that, if I rode, I should come to my journey's end much later. There was nothing for it but to wait, and it may be imagined in what mood I waited. Every minute seemed an hour, and I know not to this day how the hour wore itself away. I ate, I drank, I smoked, I walked, sat, and stood. The station-master knew me, and thought I had gone mad, till I told him that I carried most important despatches from the king, and that the delay imperiled great interests. Then he became sympathetic; but what could he do? No special train was to be had at a roadside station: I must wait; and wait, somehow, and without blowing my brains out, I did.

At last I was in the train; now indeed we moved, and I came nearer. An hour's run brought me in sight of the city. Then, to my unutterable wrath, we were stopped, and waited twenty minutes or half an hour. At last we started again; had we

not, I should have jumped out and run, for to sit longer motionless would have driven me mad. Now we entered the station. With a great effort I calmed myself. I lolled back in my seat; when we stopped I sat there till a porter opened the door. In lazy leisureliness I bade him get me a cab, and followed him across the station. He held the door for me, and, giving him his *douceur*, I set my foot on the step.

"Tell him to drive to the palace," said I, "and to be quick. I'm late already, thanks to this cursed train."

"The old mare'll soon take you there, sir," said the driver.

I jumped in. But at this moment I saw a man on the platform beckoning with his hand and hastening towards me. The cabman also saw him and waited. I dared not tell him to drive on, for I feared to betray any undue haste, and it would have looked strange not to spare a moment to my wife's cousin, Anton von Strofzin. He came up, holding out his hand, delicately gloved in pearl-gray kid, for young Anton was a leader of the Strelsau dandies.

"Ah, my dear Fritz!" said he. "I am glad I hold no appointment at court. How dreadfully active you all are! I thought you were settled at Zenda for a month?"

"The queen changed her mind suddenly," said I, smiling. "Ladies do, as you know well, you who know all about them."

My compliment, or insinuation, produced a pleased smile and a gallant twirling of his mustache.

"Well, I thought you'd be here soon," he said, "but I didn't know that the queen had come."

"You didn't? Then why did you look for me?"

He opened his eyes a little in languid, elegant surprise.

"Oh, I supposed you'd be on duty, or something, and have to come. Aren't you in attendance?"

"On the queen? No, not just now."

"But on the king?"

"Why, yes," said I, and I leaned forward. "At least I'm engaged now on the king's business."

"Precisely," said he. "So I thought you'd come, as soon as I heard that the king was here."

It may be that I ought to have preserved my composure. But I am not Sapt nor Rudolf Rassendyll.

"The king here?" I gasped, clutching him by the arm.

"Of course. You didn't know? Yes, he's in town."

But I heeded him no more. For a moment I could not speak, then I cried to the cabman:

"To the palace. And drive like the devil!"

We shot away, leaving Anton open-mouthed in wonder. For me, I sank back on the cushions, fairly aghast. The king lay dead in the hunting-lodge, but the king was in his capital!

Of course, the truth soon flashed through my mind, but it brought no comfort. Rudolf Rassendyll was in Strelsau. He had been seen by somebody and taken for the king. But comfort? What comfort was there, now that the king was dead and could never come to the rescue of his counterfeit?

In fact, the truth was worse than I conceived. Had I known it all, I might well have yielded to despair. For not by the chance, uncertain sight of a passer-by, not by mere rumor which might have been sturdily denied, not by the evidence of one only or of two, was the king's presence in the city known. That day, by the witness of a crowd of people, by his own claim and his own voice, ay, and by the assent of the queen herself, Mr. Rassendyll was taken to be the king in Strelsau, while neither he nor Queen Flavia knew that the king was dead. I must now relate the strange and perverse succession of events which forced them to employ a resource so dangerous and face a peril so immense. Yet, great and perilous as they knew the risk to be even when they dared it, in the light of what they did not know it was more fearful and more fatal still.

CHAPTER X.

THE KING IN STRELSAU.

MR. RASSENDYLL reached Strelsau from Zenda without accident about nine o'clock in the evening of the same day as that which witnessed the tragedy of the hunting-lodge. He could have arrived sooner, but prudence did not allow him to enter the populous suburbs of the town till the darkness guarded him from notice. The gates of the city were no longer shut at sunset, as they had used to be in the days when Duke Michael was governor, and

Rudolf passed them without difficulty. Fortunately the night, fine where we were, was wet and stormy at Strelsau; thus there were few people in the streets, and he was able to gain the door of my house still unremarked. Here, of course, a danger presented itself. None of my servants were in the secret; only my wife, in whom the queen herself had confided, knew Rudolf, and she did not expect to see him, since she was ignorant of the recent course of events. Rudolf was quite alive to the peril, and regretted the absence of his faithful attendant, who could have cleared the way for him. The pouring rain gave him an excuse for twisting a scarf about his face and pulling his coat-collar up to his ears, while the gusts of wind made the cramming of his hat low down over his eyes no more than a natural precaution against its loss. Thus masked from curious eyes, he drew rein before my door, and, having dismounted, rang the bell. When the butler came a strange hoarse voice, half-stifled by folds of scarf, asked for the countess, alleging for pretext a message from myself. The man hesitated, as well he might, to leave the stranger alone with the door open and the contents of the hall at his mercy. Murmuring an apology in case his visitor should prove to be a gentleman, he shut the door and went in search of his mistress. His description of the untimely caller at once roused my wife's quick wit; she had heard from me how Rudolf had ridden once from Strelsau to the hunting-lodge with muffled face; a very tall man with his face wrapped in a scarf and his hat over his eyes, who came with a private message, suggested to her at least a possibility of Mr. Rassendyll's arrival. Helga will never admit that she is clever, yet I find she discovers from me what she wants to know, and I suspect hides successfully the small matters of which she in her wifely discretion deems I had best remain ignorant. Being able thus to manage me, she was equal to coping with the butler. She laid aside her embroidery most composedly.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I know the gentleman. Surely you haven't left him out in the rain?" She was anxious lest Rudolf's features should have been exposed too long to the light of the hall-lamps.

The butler stammered an apology, explaining his fears for our goods and the impossibility of distinguishing social rank on a dark night. Helga cut him short with an impatient gesture, crying, "How stupid of you!" and herself ran quickly down and opened the door—a little way only, though. The first sight of Mr. Rassendyll confirmed her suspicions; in a moment, she said, she knew his eyes.

"It is you, then?" she cried. "And my foolish servant has left you in the rain! Pray come in. Oh, but your horse!" She turned to the penitent butler, who had followed her downstairs. "Take the baron's horse round to the stables," she said.

"I will send some one at once, my lady."

"No, no, take it yourself—take it at once. I'll look after the baron."

Reluctantly and ruefully the fat fellow stepped out into the storm. Rudolf drew back and let him pass, then he entered quickly, to find himself alone with Helga in the hall. With a finger on her lips, she led him swiftly into a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which I used as a sort of office or place of business. It looked out on the street, and the rain could be heard driving against the broad panes of the window. Rudolf turned to her with a smile, and, bowing, kissed her hand.

"The Baron what, my dear countess?" he inquired.

"He won't ask," said she with a shrug. "Do tell me what brings you here, and what has happened."

He told her very briefly all he knew. She hid bravely her alarm at hearing that I might perhaps meet Rupert at the lodge, and at once listened to what Rudolf wanted of her.

"Can I get out of the house, and, if need be, back again unnoticed?" he asked.

"The door is locked at night, and only Fritz and the butler have keys."

Mr. Rassendyll's eye traveled to the window of the room.

"I haven't grown so fat that I can't get through there," said he. "So we'd better not trouble the butler. He'd talk, you know."

"I will sit here all night and keep everybody from the room."

"I may come back pursued if I bungle my work and an alarm is raised."

"Your work?" she asked, shrinking back a little.

"Yes," said he. "Don't ask what it is, Countess. It is in the queen's service."

"For the queen I will do anything and everything, as Fritz would."

He took her hand and pressed it in a friendly, encouraging way.

"Then I may issue my orders?" he asked, smiling.

"They shall be obeyed."

"Then a dry cloak, a little supper, and this room to myself, except for you."

As he spoke the butler turned the handle of the door. My wife flew across the room, opened the door, and, while Rudolf turned his back, directed the man to bring some cold meat, or whatever could be ready with as little delay as possible.

"Now come with me," she said to Rudolf, directly the servant was gone.

She took him to my dressing-room, where he got dry clothes; then she saw the supper laid, ordered a bedroom to be prepared, told the butler that she had business with the baron and that he need not sit up if she were later than eleven, dismissed him, and went to tell Rudolf that the coast was clear for his return to the sitting-room. He came, expressing admiration for her courage and address; I take leave to think that she deserved his compliments. He made a hasty supper; then they talked together, Rudolf smoking his cigar. Eleven came and went. It was not yet time. My wife opened the door and looked out. The hall was dark, the door locked and its key in the hands of the butler. She closed the door again and softly locked it. As the clock struck twelve Rudolf rose and turned the lamp very low. Then he unfastened the shutters noiselessly, raised the window and looked out. "Shut them again when I'm gone," he whispered. "If I come back, I'll knock like this, and you'll open for me."

"For heaven's sake, be careful," she murmured, catching at his hand.

He nodded reassuringly, and crossing his leg over the window-sill, sat there for a moment listening. The storm was as fierce as ever, and the street was deserted. He let himself down on to the pavement, his face again wrapped up. She watched his tall figure stride quickly along till a turn of the road hid it. Then, having closed the window and the shutters again, she sat down to keep her watch, praying for him, for me, and for her dear mistress the queen. For she knew that perilous work was afoot that night, and did not know whom it might threaten or whom destroy.

From the moment that Mr. Rassendyll thus left my house at midnight on his search for Rupert of Hentzau, every hour and almost every moment brought its incident in the swiftly moving drama which decided the issues of our fortune. What we were doing has been told; by now Rupert himself was on his way back to the city, and the queen was meditating, in her restless vigil, on the resolve that in a few hours was to bring her also to Strelsau. Even in the dead of night both sides were active. For, plan cautiously and skilfully as he might, Rudolf fought with an antagonist who lost no chances, and who had found an apt and useful tool in that same Bauer, a rascal, and a cunning rascal, if ever one were bred in the world. From the beginning even to the end our error lay in taking too little count of this fellow, and dear was the price we paid.

Both to my wife and to Rudolf himself the street had seemed empty of every living being when she watched and he set out. Yet everything had been seen, from his first arrival to the moment when she closed the window after him. At either end of my house there runs out a projection, formed by the bay-windows of the principal drawing-room and of the dining-room respectively. These projecting walls form shadows, and in the shade of one of them—of which I do not know, nor is it of moment—a man watched all that passed; had he been anywhere else, Rudolf must have seen him. If we had not been too engrossed in playing our own hands, it would doubtless have struck us as probable that Rupert would direct Rischenheim and Bauer to keep an eye on my house during his absence; for it was there that any of us who found our way to the city would naturally resort in the first instance. As a fact, he had not omitted this precaution. The night was so dark that the spy, who had seen the king but once and never Mr. Rassendyll, did not recognize who the visitor was, but he rightly conceived that he should serve his employer by tracking the steps of the tall man who made so mysterious an arrival and so surreptitious a departure from the suspected house. Accordingly, as Rudolf turned the corner and Helga closed the window, a short, thickset figure started cautiously out of the projecting shadow, and followed in Rudolf's wake through the storm. The pair, tracker and tracked, met nobody, save here and there a police-constable keeping a most unwilling beat. Even such were few, and for the most part more intent on sheltering in the lee of a friendly wall and thereby keeping a dry stitch or two on them than on taking

note of passers-by. On the pair went. Now Rudolf turned into the Königstrasse. As he did so, Bauer, who must have been nearly a hundred yards behind (for he could not start till the shutters were closed) quickened his pace and reduced the interval between them to about seventy yards. This he might well have thought a safe distance on a night so wild, when the rush of wind and the pelt of the rain joined to hide the sound of footsteps.

But Bauer reasoned as a townsman, and Rudolf Rassendyll had the quick ear of a man bred in the country and trained to the woodland. All at once there was a jerk of his head; I know so well the motion which marked awakened attention in him. He did not pause nor break his stride: to do either would have been to betray his suspicions to his follower; but he crossed the road to the opposite side to that where No. 19 was situated, and slackened his pace a little, so that there was a longer interval between his own footfalls. The steps behind him grew slower, even as his did; their sound came no nearer: the follower would not overtake. Now, a man who loiters on such a night, just because another head of him is fool enough to loiter, has a reason for his action other than what can at first sight be detected. So thought Rudolf Rassendyll, and his brain was busied with finding it out.

Then an idea seized him, and, forgetting the precautions that had hitherto served so well, he came to a sudden stop on the pavement, engrossed in deep thought. Was the man who dogged his steps Rupert himself? It would be like Rupert to track him, like Rupert to conceive such an attack, like Rupert to be ready either for a fearless assault from the front or a shameless shot from behind, and indifferent utterly which chance offered, so it threw him one of them. Mr. Rassendyll asked no better than to meet his enemy thus in the open. They could fight a fair fight, and if he fell the lamp would be caught up and carried on by Sapt's hand or mine; if he got the better of Rupert, the letter would be his; a moment would destroy it and give safety to the queen. I do not suppose that he spent time in thinking how he should escape arrest at the hands of the police whom the *fracas* would probably rouse; if he did, he may well have reckoned on declaring plainly who he was, of laughing at their surprise over a chance likeness to the king, and of trusting to us to smuggle him beyond the arm of the law. What mattered all that, so that there was a moment in which to destroy the letter? At any rate he turned full round and began to walk straight towards Bauer, his hand resting on the revolver in the pocket of his coat.

Bauer saw him coming, and must have known that he was suspected or detected. At once the cunning fellow slouched his head between his shoulders, and set out along the street at a quick shuffle, whistling as he went. Rudolf stood still now in the middle of the road, wondering who the man was: whether Rupert, purposely disguising his gait, or a confederate, or, after all, some person innocent of our secret and indifferent to our schemes. On came Bauer, softly whistling and slushing his feet carelessly through the liquid mud. Now he was nearly opposite where Mr. Rassendyll stood. Rudolf was well-nigh convinced that the man had been on his track: he would make certainty surer. The bold game was always his choice and his delight; this trait he shared with Rupert of Hentzau, and hence arose, I think, the strange secret inclination he had for his unscrupulous opponent. Now he walked suddenly across to Bauer, and spoke to him in his natural voice, at the same time removing the scarf partly, but not altogether, from his face.

"You're out late, my friend, for a night like this."

Bauer, startled though he was by the unexpected challenge, had his wits about him. Whether he identified Rudolf at once, I do not know; I think that he must at least have suspected the truth.

"A lad that has no home to go to must needs be out both late and early, sir," said he, arresting his shuffling steps, and looking up with that honest stolid air which had made a fool of me.

I had described him very minutely to Mr. Rassendyll; if Bauer knew or guessed who his challenger was, Mr. Rassendyll was as well equipped for the encounter.

"No home to go to!" cried Rudolf in a pitying tone. "How's that? But anyhow, heaven forbid that you or any man should walk the streets a night like this. Come, I'll give you a bed. Come with me, and I'll find you good shelter, my boy."

Bauer shrank away. He did not see the meaning of this stroke, and his eye, traveling up the street, showed that his thoughts had turned towards flight. Rudolf gave no time for putting any such notion into effect. Maintaining his air of genial compassion, he passed his left arm through Bauer's right, saying:

"I'm a Christian man, and a bed you shall have this night, my lad, as sure as I'm alive. Come along with me. The devil, it's not weather for standing still!"

The carrying of arms in Strelsau was forbidden. Bauer had no wish to get into trouble with the police, and, moreover, he had intended nothing but a reconnaissance; he was therefore without any weapon, and he was a child in Rudolf's grasp. He had no alternative but to obey the suasion of Mr. Rassendyll's arm, and they two began to walk down the Königstrasse. Bauer's whistle had died away, not to return; but from time to time Rudolf hummed softly a cheerful tune, his fingers beating time on Bauer's captive arm. Presently they crossed the road. Bauer's lagging steps indicated that he took no pleasure in the change of side, but he could not resist.

"Ay, you shall go where I am going, my lad," said Rudolf encouragingly; and he laughed a little as he looked down at the fellow's face.

Along they went; soon they came to the small numbers at the station end of the Königstrasse. Rudolf began to peer up at the shop fronts.

"It's cursed dark," said he. "Pray, lad, can you make out which is nineteen?"

The moment he had spoken the smile broadened on his face. The shot had gone home. Bauer was a clever scoundrel, but his nerves were not under perfect control, and his arm had quivered under Rudolf's.

"Nineteen, sir?" he stammered.

"Ay, nineteen. That's where we're bound for, you and I. There I hope we shall find—what we want."

Bauer seemed bewildered: no doubt he was at a loss how either to understand or to parry the bold attack.

"Ah, this looks like it," said Rudolf, in a tone of great satisfaction, as they came to old Mother Holf's little shop. "Isn't that a one and a nine over the door, my lad? Ah, and Holf! Yes, that's the name. Pray ring the bell. My hands are occupied."

Rudolf's hands were indeed occupied; one held Bauer's arm, now no longer with a friendly pressure, but with a grip of iron; in the other the captive saw the revolver that had till now lain hidden.

"You see?" asked Rudolf pleasantly. "You must ring for me, mustn't you? It would startle them if I roused them with a shot." A motion of the barrel told Bauer the direction which the shot would take.

"There's no bell," said Bauer sullenly.

"Ah, then you knock?"

"I suppose so."

"In any particular way, my friend?"

"I don't know," growled Bauer.

"Nor I. Can't you guess?"

"No, I know nothing of it."

"Well, we must try. You knock, and—Listen, my lad. You must guess right. You understand?"

"How can I guess?" asked Bauer, in an attempt at bluster.

"Indeed, I don't know," smiled Rudolf. "But I hate waiting, and if the door is not open in two minutes, I shall arouse the good folk with a shot. You see? You quite see, don't you?" Again the barrel's motion pointed and explained Mr. Rassendyll's meaning.

Under this powerful persuasion Bauer yielded. He lifted his hand and knocked on the door with his knuckles, first loudly, then very softly, the gentler stroke being repeated five times in rapid succession. Clearly he was expected, for without any sound of approaching feet the chain was unfastened with a subdued rattle. Then came the noise of the bolt being cautiously worked back into its socket. As it shot home a chink of the door opened. At the same moment Rudolf's hand slipped from Bauer's arm. With a swift movement he caught the fellow by the nape of the neck and flung him violently forward into the roadway, where, losing his footing, he fell sprawling face downwards in the mud. Rudolf threw himself against the door: it yielded, he was inside, and in an instant he had shut the door and driven the bolt home again, leaving Bauer in the gutter outside. Then he turned, with his hand on the butt of his revolver. I know that he hoped to find Rupert of Hentzau's face within a foot of his.

Neither Rupert nor Rischenheim, nor even the old woman fronted him: a tall, handsome, dark girl faced him, holding an oil-lamp in her hand. He did not know her, but I could have told him that she was old Mother Holf's youngest child, Rosa, for I had often seen her as I rode through the town of Zenda with the king, before the old lady moved her dwelling to Strelsau. Indeed the girl had seemed to haunt the king's footsteps, and he had himself joked on her obvious efforts to attract his attention, and the languishing glances of her great black eyes. But it is the lot of prominent personages to inspire these strange passions, and the king had spent as little thought on her as on any of

the romantic girls who found a naughty delight in half-fanciful devotion to him—devotion starting, in many cases, by an irony of which the king was happily unconscious, from the brave figure that he made at his coronation and his picturesque daring in the affair of Black Michael. The worshipers never came near enough to perceive the alteration in their idol.

The half then, at least, of Rosa's attachment was justly due to the man who now stood opposite to her, looking at her with surprise by the murky light of the strong-smelling oil-lamp. The lamp shook and almost fell from her hand when she saw him; for the scarf had slid away, and his features were exposed to full view. Fright, delight, and excitement vied with one another in her eyes.

"The king!" she whispered in amazement. "No, but—" And she searched his face wonderingly.

"Is it the beard you miss?" asked Rudolf, fingering his chin. "Mayn't kings shave when they please, as well as other men?" Her face still expressed bewilderment, and still a lingering doubt. He bent towards her, whispering:

"Perhaps I wasn't over-anxious to be known at once."

She flushed with pleasure at the confidence he seemed to put in her.

"I should know you anywhere," she whispered, with a glance of the great black eyes. "Anywhere, Your Majesty."

"Then you'll help me, perhaps?"

"With my life."

"No, no, my dear young lady, merely with a little information. Whose house is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ah! She takes lodgers?"

The girl appeared vexed at his cautious approaches.

"Tell me what you want to know," she said simply.

"Then who's here?"

"My lord the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim."

"And what's he doing?"

"He's lying on the bed moaning and swearing, because his wounded arm gives him pain."

"And is nobody else here?"

She looked round warily, and sank her voice to a whisper as she answered:

"No, not now—nobody else."

"I was seeking a friend of mine," said Rudolf. "I want to see him alone. It's not easy for a king to see people alone."

"You mean——?"

"Well, you know who I mean."

"Yes. No, he's gone; but he's gone to find you."

"To find me! Plague take it! How do you know that, my pretty lady?"

"Bauer told me."

"Ah, Bauer! And who's Bauer?"

"The man who knocked. Why did you shut him out?"

"To be alone with you, to be sure. So Bauer tells you his master's secrets?"

She acknowledged his raillery with a coquettish laugh. It was not amiss for the king to see that she had her admirers.

"Well, and where has this foolish count gone to meet me?" asked Rudolf lightly.

"You haven't seen him?"

"No; I came straight from the Castle of Zenda."

"But," she cried, "he expected to find you at the hunting-lodge. Ah, but now I recollect! The Count of Rischenheim was greatly vexed to find, on his return, that his cousin was gone."

"Ah, he was gone! Now I see! Rischenheim brought a message from me to Count Rupert."

"And they missed one another, Your Majesty?"

"Exactly, my dear young lady. Very vexatious it is, upon my word!" In this remark, at least, Rudolf spoke no more and no other than he felt. "But when do you expect the Count of Hentzau?" he pursued.

"Early in the morning, Your Majesty—at seven or eight."

Rudolf came nearer to her, and took a couple of gold coins from his pocket.

"I don't want money, Your Majesty," she murmured.

"Oh, make a hole in them and hang them round your neck."

"Ah, yes: yes, give them to me," she cried, holding out her hand eagerly.

"You'll earn them?" he asked, playfully holding them out of her reach.

"How?"

"By being ready to open to me when I come at eleven and knock as Bauer knocked."

"Yes, I'll be there."

"And by telling nobody that I've been here to-night. Will you promise me that?"

"Not my mother?"

"No."

"Nor the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

"Him least of all. You must tell no-

body. My business is very private, and Rischenheim doesn't know it."

"I'll do all you tell me. But—but Bauer knows."

"True," said Rudolf. "Bauer knows. Well, we'll see about Bauer."

As he spoke he turned towards the door. Suddenly the girl bent, snatched at his hand and kissed it.

"I would die for you," she murmured.

"Poor child!" said he gently. I believe he was loath to make profit, even in the queen's service, of her poor foolish love. He laid his hand on the door, but paused a moment to say,

"If Bauer comes, you have told me nothing. Mind, nothing! I threatened you, but you told me nothing."

"He'll tell them you have been here."

"That can't be helped; at least they won't know when I shall arrive again. Good-night."

Rudolf opened the door and slipped through, closing it hastily behind him. If Bauer got back to the house, his visit must be known; but if he could intercept Bauer, the girl's silence was assured. He stood just outside, listening intently and searching the darkness with eager eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR'S WIFE SAW.

THE night, so precious in its silence, solitude, and darkness, was waning fast; soon the first dim approaches of day would be visible; soon the streets would become alive and people be about. Before then Rudolf Rassendyll, the man who bore a face that he dared not show in open day, must be under cover; else men would say that the king was in Strelsau, and the news would flash in a few hours through the kingdom and (so Rudolf feared) reach even those ears which we knew to be shut to all earthly sounds. But there was still some time at Mr. Rassendyll's disposal, and he could not spend it better than in pursuing his fight with Bauer. Taking a leaf out of the rascal's own book, he drew himself back into the shadow of the house walls and prepared to wait. At the worst he could keep the fellow from communicating with Rischenheim for a little longer, but his hope was that Bauer would steal back after a while and reconnoiter with a view to discovering how matters stood, whether the unwelcome visitor had taken his departure and the way to Rischenheim were open. Wrapping his scarf closely round his face, Rudolf waited, patiently enduring the tedium as he best might, drenched by the rain, which fell steadily, and very imperfectly sheltered from the buffeting of the wind. Minutes went by; there were no signs of Bauer nor of anybody else in the silent street. Yet Rudolf did not venture to leave his post; Bauer would seize the opportunity to slip in; perhaps Bauer had seen him come out, and was in his turn waiting till the coast should be clear; or, again, perhaps the useful spy had gone off to intercept Rupert of Hentzau, and warn him of the danger in the Königstrasse. Ignorant of the truth and compelled to accept all these chances, Rudolf waited, still watching the distant beginnings of dawning day, which must soon drive him to his hiding-place again. Meanwhile my poor wife waited also, a prey to every fear that a woman's sensitive mind can imagine and feed upon.

Rudolf turned his head this way and that, seeking always the darker blot of shadow that would mean a human being. For a while his search was vain, but presently he found what he looked for—ay, and even more. On the same side of the street, to his left hand, from the direction of the station, not one, but three blurred shapes moved up the street. They came stealthily, yet quickly; with caution, but without pause or hesitation. Rudolf, scenting danger, flattened himself close against the wall and felt for his revolver. Very likely they were only early workers or late revelers, but he was ready for something else; he had not yet sighted Bauer, and action was to be looked for from the man. By infinitely gradual sidelong slitherings he moved a few paces from the door of Mother Holf's house, and stood six feet perhaps, or eight, on the right-hand side of it. The three came on. He strained his eyes in the effort to discern their features. In that dim light certainty was impossible, but the one in the middle might well be Bauer: the height, the walk, and the make were much what Bauer's were. If it were Bauer, then Bauer had friends, and Bauer and his friends seemed to be stalking some game. Always most carefully and gradually Rudolf edged yet farther from the little shop. At a distance of some five yards he halted finally, drew out his revolver, covered the man whom he took to be Bauer, and thus waited his fortune and his chance.

Now, it was plain that Bauer—for Bauer it was—would look for one of two things: what he hoped was to find Rudolf still in the house, what he feared was to be told that Rudolf, having fulfilled the unknown purpose of his visit, was gone whole and sound. If the latter tidings met him, these two good friends of his whom he had enlisted for his reinforcement were to have five crowns each and go home in peace; if the former, they were to do their work and make ten crowns. Years after, one of them told me the whole story without shame or reserve. What their work was, the heavy bludgeons they carried and the long knife that one of them had lent to Bauer showed pretty clearly. But neither to Bauer nor to them did it occur that their quarry might be crouching near, hunting as well as hunted. Not that the pair of ruffians who had been thus hired would have hesitated for that thought, as I imagine. For it is strange, yet certain, that the zenith of courage and the acme of villainy can alike be bought for the price of a lady's glove. Among such outcasts as those from whom Bauer drew his recruits the murder of a man is held serious only when the police are by, and death at the hands of him they seek to kill is no more than an every-day risk of their employment.

"Here's the house," whispered Bauer, stopping at the door. "Now, I'll knock, and you stand by to knock him on the head if he runs out. He's got a six-shooter, so lose no time."

"He'll only fire it in heaven," growled a hoarse, guttural voice that ended in a chuckle.

"But if he's gone?" objected the other auxiliary.

"Then I know where he's gone," answered Bauer. "Are you ready?"

A ruffian stood on either side of the door with uplifted bludgeon. Bauer raised his hand to knock.

Rudolf knew that Rischenheim was within, and he feared that Bauer, hearing that the stranger had gone, would take the opportunity of telling the count of his visit. The count would, in his turn, warn Rupert of Hentzau, and the work of catching the ringleader would all fall to be done again. At no time did Mr. Rassendyll take count of odds against him, but in this instance he may well have thought himself, with his revolver, a match for the three ruffians. At any rate, before Bauer had time to give the signal, he sprang out suddenly from the wall and darted at the fellow. His onset was so sudden that the other two fell back a pace; Rudolf caught Bauer fairly by the throat. I do not suppose that he meant to strangle him, but the anger, long stored in his heart, found vent in the fierce grip of his fingers. It is certain that Bauer thought his time was come, unless he struck a blow for himself. Instantly he raised his hand and thrust fiercely at Rudolf with his long knife. Mr. Rassendyll would have been a dead man, had he not loosed his hold and sprung lightly away. But Bauer sprang at him again, thrusting with the knife, and crying to his associates, "Club him, you fools, club him!"

Thus exhorted, one jumped forward. The moment for hesitation had gone. In spite of the noise of wind and pelting rain, the sound of a shot risked much; but not to fire was death. Rudolf fired full at Bauer: the fellow saw his intention and tried to leap behind one of his companions; he was just too late, and fell with a groan to the ground.

Again the other ruffians shrank back, appalled by the sudden ruthless decision of the act. Mr. Rassendyll laughed. A half-smothered yet uncontrolled oath broke from one of them. "By God!" he whispered hoarsely, gazing at Rudolf's face and letting his arm fall to his side. "My God!" he said then, and his mouth hung open. Again Rudolf laughed at his terrified stare.

"A bigger job than you fancied, is it?" he asked, pushing his scarf well away from his chin.

The man gaped at him; the other's eyes asked wondering questions, but neither did he attempt to resume the attack. The first at last found voice, and he said, "Well, it'd be damned cheap at ten crowns, and that's the living truth."

His friend—or confederate rather, for such men have no friends—looked on, still amazed.

"Take up that fellow by his head and his heels," ordered Rudolf. "Quickly! I suppose you don't want the police to find us here with him, do you? Well, no more do I. Lift him up."

As he spoke Rudolf turned to knock at the door of No. 19.

But even as he did so Bauer groaned. Dead perhaps he ought to have been, but it seems to me that fate is always ready to take the cream and leave the scum. His leap aside had served him well, after all: he had nearly escaped scot free. As it was, the bullet, almost missing his head

altogether, had just glanced on his temple as it passed; its impact had stunned, but not killed. Friend Bauer was in unusual luck that night; I wouldn't have taken a hundred to one about his chance of life. Rupert arrested his hand. It would not do to leave Bauer at the house, if Bauer were likely to regain speech. He stood for a moment, considering what to do, but in an instant the thoughts that he tried to gather were scattered again.

"The patrol! the patrol!" hoarsely whispered the fellow who had not yet spoken. There was a sound of the hoofs of horses. Down the street from the station end there appeared two mounted men. Without a second's hesitation the two rascals dropped their friend Bauer with a thud on the ground; one ran at his full speed across the street, the other bolted no less quickly up the Königstrasse. Neither could afford to meet the constables; and who could say what story this red-haired gentleman might tell, ay, or what powers he might command?

But, in truth, Rudolf gave no thought to either his story or his powers. If he were caught, the best he could hope would be to lie in the lockup while Rupert played his game unmolested. The device that he had employed against the amazed ruffians could be used against lawful authority only as a last and desperate resort. While he could run, run he would. In an instant he also took to his heels, following the fellow who had darted up the Königstrasse. But before he had gone very far, coming to a narrow turning, he shot down it; then he paused for a moment to listen.

The patrol had seen the sudden dispersal of the group, and, struck with natural suspicion, quickened pace. A few minutes brought them where Bauer was. They jumped from their horses and ran to him. He was unconscious, and could, of course, give them no account of how he came to be in his present state. The fronts of all the houses were dark, the doors shut; there was nothing to connect the man stretched on the ground with either No. 19 or any other dwelling. Moreover, the constables were not sure that the sufferer was himself a meritorious object, for his hand still held a long, ugly knife. They were perplexed: they were but two; there was a wounded man to look after; there were three men to pursue, and the three had fled in three separate directions. They looked up at No. 19; No. 19 remained dark, quiet, absolutely indifferent. The fugitives were out of sight.

Rudolf Rassendyll, hearing nothing, had started again on his way. But a minute later he heard a shrill whistle. The patrol were summoning assistance; the man must be carried to the station, and a report made; but other constables might be warned of what had happened, and despatched in pursuit of the culprits. Rudolf heard more than one answering whistle; he broke into a run, looking for a turning on the left that would take him back into the direction of my house, but he found none. The narrow street twisted and curved in the bewildering way that characterizes the old parts of the town. Rudolf had spent some time once in Strelsau; but a king learns little of back streets, and he was soon fairly puzzled as to his whereabouts. Day was dawning, and he began to meet people here and there. He dared run no more, even had his breath lasted him; winding the scarf about his face, and cramming his hat over his forehead again, he fell into an easy walk, wondering whether he could venture to ask his way, relieved to find no signs that he was being pursued, trying to persuade himself that Bauer, though not dead, was at least incapable of embarrassing disclosures; above all, conscious of the danger of his tell-tale face, and of the necessity of finding some shelter before the city was all stirring and awake.

At this moment he heard horses' hoofs behind him. He was now at the end of the street, where it opened on the square in which the barracks stand. He knew his bearings now, and, had he not been interrupted, could have been back to safe shelter in my house in twenty minutes. But, looking back, he saw the figure of a mounted constable just coming into sight behind him. The man seemed to see Rudolf, for he broke into a quick trot. Mr. Rassendyll's position was critical; this fact alone accounts for the dangerous step into which he allowed himself to be forced. Here he was, a man unable to give account of himself, of remarkable appearance, and carrying a revolver, of which one barrel was discharged. And there was Bauer, a wounded man, shot by somebody with a revolver, a quarter of an hour before. Even to be questioned was dangerous; to be detained meant ruin to the great business that engaged his energies. For all he knew, the patrol had actually sighted him as he ran. His fears were not vain; for the constable raised his voice, crying, "Hi, sir—you there—stop a minute!"

Resistance was the one thing worse than to yield. Wit, and not force, must find escape this time. Rudolf stopped, looking round again with a surprised air. Then he drew himself up with an assumption of dignity, and waited for the constable. If that last card must be played, he would win the hand with it.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked coldly, when the man was a few yards from him; and, as he spoke, he withdrew the scarf almost entirely from his features, keeping it only over his chin. "You call very peremptorily," he continued, staring contemptuously. "What's your business with me?"

With a violent start, the sergeant—for such the star on his collar and the lace on his cuff proclaimed him—leant forward in the saddle to look at the man whom he had hailed. Rudolf said nothing and did not move. The man's eyes studied his face intently. Then he sat bolt upright and saluted, his face dyed to a deep red in his sudden confusion.

"And why do you salute me now?" asked Rudolf in a mocking tone. "First you hunt me, then you salute me. By heaven, I don't know why you put yourself out at all about me!"

"I—I—" the fellow stuttered. Then trying a fresh start, he stammered, "Your Majesty, I didn't know—I didn't suppose——"

Rudolf stepped towards him with a quick, decisive tread.

"And why do you call me 'Your Majesty'?" he asked, still mockingly.

"It—it—isn't it Your Majesty?"

Rudolf was close by him now, his hand on the horse's neck. He looked up into the sergeant's face with steady eyes, saying:

"You make a mistake, my friend. I am not the king."

"You are not—?" stuttered the bewildered fellow.

"By no means. And, sergeant——?"

"Your Majesty?"

"Sir, you mean."

"Yes, sir."

"A zealous officer, sergeant, can make no greater mistake than to take for the king a gentleman who is not the king. It might injure his prospects, since the king, not being here, mightn't wish to have it supposed that he was here. Do you follow me, sergeant?"

The man said nothing, but stared hard. After a moment Rudolf continued:

"In such a case," said he, "a discreet officer would not trouble the gentleman any more, and would be very careful not to mention that he had made such a silly mistake. Indeed, if questioned, he would answer without hesitation that he hadn't seen anybody even like the king, much less the king himself."

A doubtful, puzzled little smile spread under the sergeant's mustache.

"You see, the king is not even in Strelsau," said Rudolf.

"Not in Strelsau, sir?"

"Why, no, he's at Zenda."

"Ah! At Zenda, sir?"

"Certainly. It is therefore impossible—physically impossible—that he should be here."

The fellow was convinced that he understood now."

"It's certainly impossible, sir," said he, smiling more broadly.

"Absolutely. And therefore impossible also that you should have seen him." With this Rudolf took a gold piece from his pocket and handed it to the sergeant. The fellow took it with something like a wink. "As for you, you've searched here and found nobody," concluded Mr. Rassendyll. "So hadn't you better at once search somewhere else?"

"Without doubt, sir," said the sergeant, and with the most deferential salute, and another confidential smile, he turned and rode back by the way he had come. No doubt he wished that he could meet a gentleman who was—not the king—every morning of his life. It hardly need be said that all idea of connecting the gentleman with the crime committed in the Königstrasse had vanished from his mind. Thus Rudolf won freedom from the man's interference, but at a dangerous cost—how dangerous he did not know. It was indeed most impossible that the king could be in Strelsau.

He lost no time now in turning his steps towards his refuge. It was past five o'clock, day came quickly, and the streets began to be peopled by men and women on their way to open stalls or to buy in the market. Rudolf crossed the square at a rapid walk, for he was afraid of the soldiers who were gathering for early duty opposite to the barracks. Fortunately he passed by them unobserved, and gained the comparative seclusion of the street in which my house stands, without encountering any further difficulties. In truth, he was almost in safety; but bad luck was now to have its turn. When Mr. Rassendyll was no more than fifty yards from my

door, a carriage suddenly drove up and stopped a few paces in front of him. The footman sprang down and opened the door. Two ladies got out; they were dressed in evening costume, and were returning from a ball. One was middle-aged, the other young and rather pretty. They stood for a moment on the pavement, the younger saying:

"Isn't it pleasant, mother? I wish I could always be up at five o'clock."

"My dear, you wouldn't like it for long," answered the elder. "It's very nice for a change, but——"

She stopped abruptly. Her eye had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. He knew her: she was no less a person than the wife of Helsing the chancellor; his was the house at which the carriage had stopped. The trick that had served with the sergeant of police would not do now. She knew the king too well to believe that she could be mistaken about him; she was too much of a busybody to be content to pretend that she was mistaken.

"Good gracious!" she whispered loudly, and, catching her daughter's arm, she murmured, "Heavens, my dear, it's the king!"

Rudolf was caught. Not only the ladies, but their servants were looking at him.

Flight was impossible. He walked by them. The ladies curtseyed, the servants bowed bareheaded. Rudolf touched his hat and bowed slightly in return. He walked straight on towards my house; they were watching him, and he knew it. Most heartily did he curse the untimely hours to which folks keep up their dancing, but he thought that a visit to my house would afford as plausible an excuse for his presence as any other. So he went on, surveyed by the wondering ladies, and by the servants who, smothering smiles, asked one another what brought His Majesty abroad in such a plight (for Rudolf's clothes were soaked and his boots muddy), at such an hour—and that in Strelsau, when all the world thought he was at Zenda.

Rudolf reached my house. Knowing that he was watched, he had abandoned all intention of giving the signal agreed on between my wife and himself and of making his way in through the window. Such a sight would indeed have given the excellent Baroness von Helsing matter for gossip! It was better to let every servant in my house see his open entrance. But, alas, virtue itself sometimes leads to ruin. My dearest Helga, sleepless and watchful in the interest of her mistress, was even now behind the shutter, listening with all her ears and peering through the chinks. No sooner did Rudolf's footsteps become audible than she cautiously unfastened the shutter, opened the window, put her pretty head out, and called softly:

"All's safe! Come in!"

The mischief was done then, for the faces of Helsing's wife and daughter, ay, and the faces of Helsing's servants, were intent on this most strange spectacle. Rudolf, turning his head over his shoulder, saw them; a moment later poor Helga saw them also. Innocent and untrained in controlling her feelings, she gave a shrill little cry of dismay, and hastily drew back. Rudolf looked round again. The ladies had retreated to the cover of the porch, but he still saw their eager faces peering from between the pillars that supported it.

"I may as well go in now," said Rudolf, and in he sprang. There was a merry smile on his face as he ran forward to meet Helga, who leant against the table, pale and agitated.

"They saw you?" she gasped.

"Undoubtedly," said he. Then his sense of amusement conquered everything else, and he sat down in a chair, laughing.

"I'd give my life," said he, "to hear the story that the chancellor will be waked up to hear in a minute or two from now!"

But a moment's thought made him grave again. For whether he were the king or Rudolf Rassendyll, he knew that my wife's name was in equal peril. Knowing this, he stood at nothing to serve her. He turned to her and spoke quickly.

"You must rouse one of the servants at once. Send him round to the chancellor's and tell the chancellor to come here directly. No, write a note. Say the king has come by appointment to see Fritz on some private business, but that Fritz has not kept the appointment, and that the king must now see the chancellor at once. Say there's not a moment to lose."

She was looking at him with wondering eyes.

"Don't you see," he said, "if I can impose on Helsing, I may stop those women's tongues? If nothing's done, how long do you suppose it'll be before all Strelsau knows that Fritz von Tarlenheim's wife let the king in at the window at five o'clock in the morning?"

"I don't understand," murmured poor Helga in bewilderment.

"No, my dear lady, but for heaven's sake do what I ask of you. It's the only chance now."

"I'll do it," she said, and sat down to write.

Thus it was that, hard on the marvelous tidings which, as I conjecture, the Baroness von Helsing poured into her husband's drowsy ears, came an imperative summons that the chancellor should wait on the king at the house of Fritz von Tarlenheim.

Truly we had tempted fate too far by bringing Rudolf Rassendyll again to Strelsau.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE THEM ALL!

GREAT as was the risk and immense as were the difficulties created by the course which Mr. Rassendyll adopted, I cannot doubt that he acted for the best in the light of the information which he possessed. His plan was to disclose himself in the character of the king to Helsing, to bind him to secrecy, and make him impose the same obligation on his wife, daughter, and servants. The chancellor was to be quieted with the excuse of urgent business, and conciliated by a promise that he should know its nature in the course of a few hours; meanwhile an appeal to his loyalty must suffice to insure obedience. If all went well in the day that had now dawned, by the evening of it the letter would be destroyed, the queen's peril past, and Rudolf once more far away from Strelsau. Then enough of the truth—no more—must be disclosed. Helsing would be told the story of Rudolf Rassendyll and persuaded to hold his tongue about the harum-scarum Englishman (we are ready to believe much of an Englishman) having been audacious enough again to play the king in Strelsau. The old chancellor was a very good fellow, and I do not think that Rudolf did wrong in relying upon him. Where he miscalculated was, of course, just where he was ignorant. The whole of what the queen's friends, ay, and the queen herself, did in Strelsau, became useless and mischievous by reason of the king's death; their action must have been utterly different, had they been aware of that catastrophe; but their wisdom must be judged only according to their knowledge.

In the first place, the chancellor himself showed much good sense. Even before he obeyed the king's summons he sent for the two servants and charged them, on pain of instant dismissal and worse things to follow, to say nothing of what they had seen. His commands to his wife and daughter were more polite, doubtless, but no less peremptory. He may well have supposed that the king's business was private as well as important when it led His Majesty to be roaming the streets of Strelsau at a moment when he was supposed to be at the Castle of Zenda, and to enter a friend's house by the window at such untimely hours. The mere facts were eloquent of secrecy. Moreover, the king had shaved his beard—the ladies were sure of it—and this, again, though it might be merely an accidental coincidence, was also capable of signifying a very urgent desire to be unknown. So the chancellor, having given his orders, and being himself aflame with the liveliest curiosity, lost no time in obeying the king's commands, and arrived at my house before six o'clock.

When the visitor was announced Rudolf was upstairs, having a bath and some breakfast. Helga had learnt her lesson well enough to entertain the visitor until Rudolf appeared. She was full of apologies for my absence, protesting that she could in no way explain it; neither could she so much as conjecture what was the king's business with her husband. She played the dutiful wife whose virtue was obedience, whose greatest sin would be an indiscreet prying into what it was not her part to know.

"I know no more," she said, "than that Fritz wrote to me to expect the king and him at about five o'clock, and to be ready to let them in by the window, as the king did not wish the servants to be aware of his presence."

The king came and greeted Helsing most graciously. The tragedy and comedy of these busy days were strangely mingled; even now I can hardly help smiling when I picture Rudolf, with grave lips, but that distant twinkle in his eye (I swear he enjoyed the sport), sitting down by the old chancellor in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with flattery, hinting at most strange things, deploring a secret obstacle to immediate confidence, promising that to-morrow, at latest, he would seek the advice of the wisest and most tried of his counselors, appealing to the chancellor's loyalty to trust him till then. Helsing, blinking through his spectacles,

followed with devout attention the long narrative that told nothing, and the urgent exhortation that masked a trick. His accents were almost broken with emotion as he put himself absolutely at the king's disposal, and declared that he could answer for the discretion of his family and household as completely as for his own.

"Then you're a very lucky man, my dear chancellor," said Rudolf, with a sigh which seemed to hint that the king in his palace was not so fortunate. Helsing was immensely pleased. He was all agog to go and tell his wife how entirely the king trusted to her honor and silence.

There was nothing that Rudolf more desired than to be relieved of the excellent old fellow's presence; but, well aware of the supreme importance of keeping him in a good temper, he would not hear of his departure for a few minutes.

"At any rate, the ladies won't talk till after breakfast, and since they got home only at five o'clock they won't breakfast yet a while," said he.

So he made Helsing sit down, and talked to him. Rudolf had not failed to notice that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had been a little surprised at the sound of his voice; in this conversation he studiously kept his tones low, affecting a certain weakness and huskiness such as he had detected in the king's utterances, as he listened behind the curtain in Sapt's room at the castle. The part was played as completely and triumphantly as in the old days when he ran the gauntlet of every eye in Strelsau. Yet if he had not taken such pains to conciliate old Helsing, but had let him depart, he might not have found himself driven to a greater and even more hazardous deception.

They were conversing together alone. My wife had been prevailed on by Rudolf to lie down in her room for an hour. Sorely needing rest, she had obeyed him, having first given strict orders that no member of the household should enter the room where the two were except on an express summons. Fearing suspicion, she and Rudolf had agreed that it was better to rely on these injunctions than to lock the door again as they had the night before.

But while these things passed at my house, the queen and Bernenstein were on their way to Strelsau. Perhaps, had Sapt been at Zenda, his powerful influence might have availed to check the impulsive expedition; Bernenstein had no such authority, and could only obey the queen's peremptory orders and pathetic prayers. Ever since Rudolf Rassendyll left her, three years before, she had lived in stern self-repression, never her true self, never for a moment able to be or to do what every hour her heart urged on her. How are these things done? I doubt if a man lives who could do them; but women live who do them. Now his sudden coming, and the train of stirring events that accompanied it, his danger and hers, his words and her enjoyment of his presence, had all worked together to shatter her self-control; and the strange dream, heightening the emotion which was its own cause, left her with no conscious desire save to be near Mr. Rassendyll, and scarcely with a fear except for his safety. As they journeyed her talk was all of his peril, never of the disaster which threatened herself, and which we were all striving with might and main to avert from her head. She traveled alone with Bernenstein, getting rid of the lady who attended her by some careless pretext, and she urged on him continually to bring her as speedily as might be to Mr. Rassendyll. I cannot find much blame for her. Rudolf stood for all the joy in her life, and Rudolf had gone to fight with the Count of Hentzau. What wonder that she saw him, as it were, dead? Yet still she would have it that, in his seeming death, all men hailed him for their king. Well, it was her love that crowned him.

As they reached the city, she grew more composed, being persuaded by Bernenstein that nothing in her bearing must rouse suspicion. Yet she was none the less resolved to seek Mr. Rassendyll at once. In truth, she feared even then to find him dead, so strong was the hold of her dream on her; until she knew that he was alive she could not rest. Bernenstein, fearful that the strain would kill her, or rob her of reason, promised everything; and declared, with a confidence which he did not feel, that beyond doubt Mr. Rassendyll was alive and well.

"But where—where?" she cried eagerly, with clasped hands.

"We're most likely, madam, to find him at Fritz von Tarlenheim's," answered the lieutenant. "He would wait there till the time came to attack Rupert, or, if the thing is over, he will have returned there."

"Then let us drive there at once," she urged.

Bernenstein, however, persuaded her to go to the palace first and let it be known there that she was going to pay a visit to

my wife. She arrived at the palace at eight o'clock, took a cup of chocolate, and then ordered her carriage. Bernenstein alone accompanied her when she set out for my house about nine. He was, by now, hardly less agitated than the queen herself.

In her entire preoccupation with Mr. Rassendyll, she gave little thought to what might have happened at the hunting-lodge; but Bernenstein drew gloomy auguries from the failure of Sapt and myself to return at the proper time. Either evil had befallen us, or the letter had reached the king before we arrived at the lodge; the probabilities seemed to him to be confined to these alternatives. Yet when he spoke in this strain to the queen, he could get from her nothing except, "If we can find Mr. Rassendyll, he will tell us what to do."

Thus, then, a little after nine in the morning the queen's carriage drove up to my door. The ladies of the chancellor's family had enjoyed a very short night's rest, for their heads came bobbing out of window the moment the wheels were heard; many people were about now, and the crown on the panels attracted the usual small crowd of loiterers. Bernenstein sprang out and gave his hand to the queen. With a hasty slight bow to the onlookers, she hastened up the two or three steps of the porch, and with her own hand rang the bell. Inside, the carriage had just been observed. My wife's waiting-maid ran hastily to her mistress; Helga was lying on her bed; she rose at once, and after a few moments of necessary preparations (or such preparations as seem to ladies necessary, however great the need of haste may be) hurried downstairs to receive Her Majesty—and to warn Her Majesty. She was too late. The door was already open. The butler and the footman both had run to it, and thrown it open for the queen. As Helga reached the foot of the stairs, Her Majesty was just entering the room where Rudolf was, the servants attending her, and Bernenstein standing behind, his helmet in his hand.

Rudolf and the chancellor had been continuing their conversation. To avoid the observations of passers-by (for the interior of the room is easy to see from the street), the blind had been drawn down, and the room was in deep shadow. They had heard the wheels, but neither of them dreamt that the visitor could be the queen. It was an utter surprise to them when, without their orders, the door was suddenly flung open. The chancellor, slow of movement, and not, if I may say it, over-quick of brain, sat in his corner for half a minute or more before he rose to his feet. On the other hand, Rudolf Rassendyll was the best part of the way across the room in an instant. Helga was at the door now, and she thrust her head round young Bernenstein's broad shoulder. Thus she saw what happened. The queen, forgetting the servants, and not observing Helsing—seeming indeed to stay for nothing, and to think of nothing, but to have her thoughts and heart filled with the sight of the man she loved and the knowledge of his safety—met him as he ran towards her, and, before Helga, or Bernenstein, or Rudolf himself, could stay her or conceive what she was about to do, caught both his hands in hers with an intense grasp, crying:

"Rudolf, you're safe! Thank God, oh, thank God!" and she carried his hands to her lips and kissed them passionately.

A moment of absolute silence followed, dictated in the servants by decorum, in the chancellor by consideration, in Helga and Bernenstein by utter consternation. Rudolf himself also was silent, but whether from bewilderment or an emotion answering to hers, I know not. Either it might well be. The stillness struck her. She looked up in his eyes; she looked round the room and saw Helsing, now bowing profoundly from the corner; she turned her head with a sudden frightened jerk, and glanced at my motionless deferential servants. Then it came upon her what she had done. She gave a quick gasp for breath, and her face, always pale, went white as marble. Her features set in a strange stiffness, and suddenly she reeled where she stood, and fell forward. Only Rudolf's hand bore her up. Thus for a moment, too short to reckon, they stood. Then he, a smile of great love and pity coming on his lips, drew her to him, and passing his arm about her waist, thus supported her. Then, smiling still, he looked down on her, and said in a low tone, yet distinct enough for all to hear:

"All is well, dearest."

My wife gripped Bernenstein's arm, and he turned to find her pale-faced too, with quivering lips and shining eyes. But the eyes had a message, and an urgent one, for him. He read it; he knew that it bade him second what Rudolf Rassendyll had done. He came forward and approached Rudolf; then he fell on one knee, and

kissed Rudolf's left hand that was extended to him.

"I'm very glad to see you, Lieutenant von Bernenstein," said Rudolf Rassendyll.

For a moment the thing was done, ruin averted, and safety secured. Everything had been at stake; that there was such a man as Rudolf Rassendyll might have been disclosed; that he had once filled the king's throne was a high secret which they were prepared to trust to Helsing under stress of necessity; but there remained something which must be hidden at all costs, and which the queen's passionate exclamation had threatened to expose. There was a Rudolf Rassendyll, and he had been king; but, more than all this, the queen loved him and he the queen. That could be told to none, not even to Helsing; for Helsing, though he would not gossip to the town, would yet hold himself bound to carry the matter to the king. So Rudolf chose to take any future difficulties rather than that present and certain disaster. Sooner than entail it on her he loved, he claimed for himself the place of her husband and the name of king. And she, clutching at the only chance that her act left, was content to have it so. It may be that for an instant her weary, tortured brain found sweet rest in the dim dream that so it was, for she let her head lie there on his breast and her eyes closed, her face looking very peaceful, and a soft little sigh escaping in pleasure from her lips.

But every moment bore its peril and exacted its effort. Rudolf led the queen to a couch, and then briefly charged the servants not to speak of his presence for a few hours. As they had no doubt perceived, said he, from the queen's agitation, important business was on foot; it demanded his presence in Strelsau, but required also that his presence should not be known. A short time would free them from the obligation which he now asked of their loyalty. When they had withdrawn, bowing obedience, he turned to Helsing, pressed his hand warmly, reiterated his request for silence, and said that he would summon the chancellor to his presence again later in the day, either where he was or at the palace. Then he bade all withdraw and leave him alone for a little with the queen. He was obeyed; but Helsing had hardly left the house when Rudolf called Bernenstein back, and with him my wife. Helga hastened to the queen, who was still sorely agitated; Rudolf drew Bernenstein aside, and exchanged with him all their news. Mr. Rassendyll was much disturbed at finding that no tidings had come from Colonel Sapt and myself, but his apprehension was greatly increased on learning the untoward accident by which the king himself had been at the lodge the night before. Indeed, he was utterly in the dark; where the king was, where Rupert, where we were, he did not know. And he was here in Strelsau, known as the king to half a dozen people or more, protected only by their promises, liable at any moment to be exposed by the coming of the king himself, or even by a message from him.

Yet, in face of all perplexities, perhaps even the more because of the darkness in which he was enveloped, Rudolf held firm to his purpose. There were two things that seemed plain. If Rupert had escaped the trap and was still alive with the letter on him, Rupert must be found; here was the first task. That accomplished, there remained for Rudolf himself nothing save to disappear as quietly and secretly as he had come, trusting that his presence could be concealed from the man whose name he had usurped. Nay, if need were, the king must be told that Rudolf Rassendyll had played a trick on the chancellor, and, having enjoyed his pleasure, was gone again. Everything could, in the last resort, be told, save that which touched the queen's honor.

At this moment the message which I despatched from the station at Hofbau reached my house. There was a knock at the door. Bernenstein opened it and took the telegram, which was addressed to my wife. I had written all that I dared to trust to such a means of communication, and here it is:

"I am coming to Strelsau. The king will not leave the lodge to-day. The count came, but left before we arrived. I do not know whether he has gone to Strelsau. He gave no news to the king."

"Then they didn't get him!" cried Bernenstein in deep disappointment.

"No, but 'he gave no news to the king,'" said Rudolf triumphantly.

They were all standing now round the queen, who sat on the couch. She seemed very faint and weary, but at peace. It was enough for her that Rudolf fought and planned for her.

"And see this," Rudolf went on. "'The king will not leave the lodge to-day.' Thank God, then, we have to-day!"

"Yes, but where's Rupert?"

"We shall know in an hour, if he's in Strelsau," and Mr. Rassendyll looked as though it would please him well to find Rupert in Strelsau. "Yes, I must seek him. I shall stand at nothing to find him. If I can only get to him as the king, then I'll be the king. We have to-day!"

My message put them in heart again, although it left so much still unexplained. Rudolf turned to the queen.

"Courage, my queen," said he. "A few hours now will see an end of all our dangers."

"And then?" she asked.

"Then you'll be safe and at rest," said he, bending over her and speaking softly. "And I shall be proud in the knowledge of having saved you."

"And you?"

"I must go," Helga heard him whisper as he bent lower still, and she and Bernenstein moved away.

(To be continued.)

OTTENHAUSEN was the new chemist. His hair was long, and his collars were of the turned-down variety. He read Goethe, and played the violin. He had seen life in German universities, on the plains of Texas, and at many other places.

The evening that he arrived at the furnace to take his position as official analyzer of ores and limestone, he found the household of the superintendent in a high state of excitement. Mrs. James Hunt, the wife of the broad-shouldered young man who conducted the affairs of Laird's Furnace for the Mingo Coal and Iron Company, said, "You have just come in time for the house party to-morrow evening. You must not forget that to-morrow afternoon you are to ride up to the charcoal-burner's place on the hill. Three young women friends of mine from Columbus are going to be there to spend the day. I told them about you, and they are just dying to meet you. Your fame has traveled before you."

"JIM JOHNSON, OF THE RED-OX GROUP OF ANARCHISTS."

Ottenhausen said that he would be charmed. He bestowed his belongings in the little room back of the company's office which was to be his temporary home. When the festivities were over, he was to take up his abode in "Eagle's Nest," as the house was called where dwelt the superintendent and his wife.

Laird's Furnace was not an inviting place. Eagle's Nest, the colonial mansion on the heights, with its gleaming white pillars and its setting of green lawn, was the only redeeming feature. Down in the valley was the great furnace, from which issued a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Grouped around it were the lean-to shanties and the story-and-a-half cottages where dwelt the furnace hands and the miners of iron ore.

"Not a garden of the Lord," remarked Ottenhausen, as he stood at the

"HE READ GOETHE, AND PLAYED THE VIOLIN."

door of his laboratory the afternoon after his arrival; "but it might be worse."

"Am you the new chemist, boss?" came a voice close to the young German's elbow.

Ottenhausen turned, and saw a portly negro who held a bridle to the end of which was attached as sorry a looking mule as he had ever seen.

"Missus Hunt dun sent this muel foh you to ride to the charcoal-burner's shanty, sah," said the negro. "He am already saddled."

"But I don't know the road," interposed Ottenhausen.

"Doan't you fret yerself, boss," replied the ebon groom. "Jackson he know the way in the dark."

Ottenhausen left the mule tied to the hitching-post, and went to his quarters in the office building. He dug up from the bottom of his steamer trunk riding-breeches, a coat, and a pair of remarkably varnished boots. He had served in the German cavalry, and the boots were a relic of days which were gone. He was a commanding figure as he walked out of the office that September afternoon. The men in the cast-house, who with great sledges were breaking up the barely cooled pig iron, stopped to look at the tall figure in unusual garb.

"One of them dudes from Columbus, I suppose," growled Cornwall Jim, as he swung a warm bar upon the little tram-car. "We poor devils have to grub in the dirt so that the super and his fine lady can live on the fat of the land and bid a lot of city folk to come down here and enjoy themselves."

"Well," muttered Jim Johnson, of the Red-Ox group of anarchists, "this sort of thing can't go on forever. Men, the only way to bring them rich to terms is to destroy property. Understand?" Johnson had only been at the furnace two weeks. He had already become something of a leader. He had hardly been employed in the cast-house three days before there came rumors of a strike.

Ottenhausen mounted the sorry-looking mule, pointed him north by east, and gave him free rein. The animal trotted past the furnace, and of his own accord took to a winding wagon track. Half an hour later Ottenhausen came in sight of the covered mounds of smouldering wood and the hut of the charcoal-burner. Before the door of the house the road forked. The mule trotted along peaceably until he got to the parting of the ways. Ottenhausen gave the bridle a quick jerk to the left. He caught a glimpse, as he did so, of Mrs. Hunt and three young women standing before the door of the weather-beaten hut.

Jackson, the most stubborn of all mules, had always been ridden by but one road, and that one was to the right. The moment he felt the twitch upon the bridle he turned squarely around, and with a quick movement threw his rider over his head. Ottenhausen struck upon the arm which he had raised to acknowledge the bow of Mrs. Hunt, and rolled over and over upon the ground. He saw the hut, the sky, and the trees in a confused whirl. He sat up, and looked in a dazed way towards the shanty. Upon his face lingered a remnant of a smile. He struggled to his feet, and shook himself. A cloud of dust rose from his clothing. He saw four

women, with their faces buried in their hands, sitting on the bench in front of the little building. They were shrieking with laughter. A girl with dark hair and blue eyes rose to her feet, and advanced towards Ottenhausen.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said.

Then she abruptly turned away, grasped a sapling, and laughed until the echo could be heard down the glen. Ottenhausen deigned no reply. He gathered up his battered hat, through which Jackson had put one of his hoofs, and strode angrily down the path by which he had come. Nearly a quarter of a mile ahead he saw that disreputable mule cantering slowly along and stopping occasionally to crop the herbage by the way. With flushed face, battered headgear, and clothing all awry, the new chemist tramped two miles along the stony and dusty road, and an hour later reached the office of Laird's Furnace. James Hunt, superintendent, looked at Ottenhausen a moment, smote the big desk before him, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"YOU HAVE JUST COME IN TIME FOR THE HOUSE PARTY."

"I see no cause for merriment," said Ottenhausen, with a look in his eyes which caused the big superintendent to stop short.

"Excuse me, old man," replied Hunt, "but I can't help it. I started to warn you when I saw you setting off on that old beast, but I was too late."

"You will present my compliments to Mrs. Hunt," said Ottenhausen, "and say to her that, on account of circumstances over which I had no control, I cannot come this evening."

No amount of persuasion could induce the chemist to change his mind.

"Well," said the superintendent at length, "if you won't come up to the house, would you mind looking after the eleven o'clock cast to-night? I don't mind telling you that in the midst of all this gaiety I am a little bit worried. There is something queer about the way the men are acting these days. The furnace needs watching. We've got a pretty tough gang here. Don't take any nonsense from them."

Ottenhausen said he would not have

"HE TURNED SQUARELY AROUND, AND WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT THREW HIS RIDER OVER HIS HEAD."

"ONE OF THEM DUDES FROM COLUMBUS."

the least objection. He lighted a cigar after supper, and in the gathering dusk walked leisurely towards the furnace. He heard the whir of wheels. He stepped aside, and a light buckboard rattled past. The bell of the furnace was lowered at the moment, and by the light of the burning gas from the tall tower Ottenhausen saw that the occupants of the wagon were Mrs. Hunt and her charges. The wife of the superintendent had gone to the little station to meet some of her guests who had arrived by train. Ottenhausen had stepped back in the shadow of a rail fence, and the young women did not recognize him.

"Did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" said one of the girls.

"I don't care," came another voice, and it had the same silvery tone as that of the girl who had asked about the young chemist's welfare that afternoon. "I suppose he'll think that I'm awful, but I couldn't help laughing. He's rather handsome, too, isn't he?"

Ottenhausen, walking towards the furnace, saw in his mind's eye a girl clinging to a sapling; her laughing face was framed in dark hair.

"It was ludicrous," he mused; "I didn't think it was very funny at the time. I begin to wish that I had stuck it out and gone to the party, anyway."

His reverie was suddenly cut short. He heard a whizzing sound close to his ear; something hard struck the ground within a few inches of his feet, and sent bits of cinder flying. He stopped, looked down, and saw a piece of iron ore as big as his fist. He glanced around him. The night gang had just come on.

"According to the theory of projectiles," remarked Ottenhausen, "that missile must have come from some considerable height."

He heard the top-filler on the tunnel-head pouring a new charge into the furnace. Three minutes later the man felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ottenhausen. "Trying to kill me, were you? If I were certain that you threw that iron ore, I'd break every bone in your body."

"I didn't go to do it," protested the top-filler. "It fell off."

Ottenhausen glared at the man for a moment, and then turned on his heel. "It won't be healthy for you if anything of the kind happens again," remarked the young chemist as he went away.

"GRASPED A SAPLING, AND LAUGHED."

The top-filler grinned as he saw the head of Ottenhausen disappear. "It won't be very healthy for you, either, my pretty, before you get through with to-night," he muttered.

Ottenhausen went to the office, and entered his little bedroom. He took from his trunk two revolvers. They had served him well in Texas. They were not weapons of the silver-plated and pearl-handled variety. The barrels were bluish black, and the caliber was forty-four. The chemist slipped a revolver into each pocket of his serge coat, lighted another cigar, and returned to the cast-house with the air of a man who was taking an afternoon walk in Fifth Avenue. He surveyed the furnace from top to bottom. The fillers were breaking up ore and limestone and pitching it into barrows. The pig-bed men had just finished imprinting the form of wooden models into the sand. Everything was ready for the cast. Ottenhausen's eye fell upon a mass of dark cinder lying in the sand hole, bubbling and sputtering.

"SAY TO HER THAT . . . I CANNOT COME THIS EVENING."

"How long has this been drawn off?" he demanded.

"About twenty minutes," growled the "cinder-snapper."

Ottenhausen gave the man a quick glance, and looked again at the cinder. "You're lying," he said.

He seized the whistle-rope, and there followed three sharp blasts, the signal for casting. From the cast-house and the filling-floor thirty men shambled towards the hearth of the furnace. There was a look of evil in their eyes. Some of them held their hands behind their backs.

Ottenhausen went nearer the furnace, and made a quick examination. A thin cloud of steam was rising. It came from behind an iron jacket, seeping through a joint. The water pipes of one of the tuyeres had been cut. To Ottenhausen that meant that the water which cooled the nozzle of the tuyere through which the hot air of the blast was forced, was escaping into the furnace. Ottenhausen knew a furnace as a child knows its alphabet. He saw that the end of the tuyere was being clogged with metal, and that it would only be a question of half an hour before the hearth would be filled with a solid mass of chilled iron, unless the contents of the great crucible were run out and the leaking of the water was stopped.

Ottenhausen saw the men move closer together. He stood there in scorching heat. His brain was in a whirl. He felt the thumping of his heart. His thumbs were in the armholes of his waistcoat. His face gave no sign of the riot of thoughts in his brain. He backed against a pile of iron, and with a quick movement drew the revolvers from his coat pockets and leveled them at the group of men. Then he said, and his words were quick and sharp as the blows of a trip-hammer: "I'll kill the first man who disobeys orders. Drop those clubs and that iron ore."

The men looked along the shining barrels of two revolvers held with steady hands. Some of them started to take a step forward. Jim Johnson made a movement with his arm. Ottenhausen glanced along the sight of one of the revolvers, and clutched the hard rubber handle with a firmer grasp. Johnson's eye met the look of a man who was only biding his time that he might press a trigger. He of the Red-Ox group let the club fall from his nerveless grasp. Sticks, pieces of iron ore, and a revolver or two fell in the sand. The men of Laird's Furnace had met their match. They held up their hands in mute acknowledgment of the fact.

"Cut off the water from that No. 3 tuyere," commanded Ottenhausen.

The "cinder-snapper" sullenly obeyed.

"Open the cinder notch, and be quick about it," was the next order.

The keeper stood stock still. "Cowards," he muttered, "it's only a bluff; he wouldn't shoot."

There came a cracking sound, and the man jumped clear of the sand, holding one hand to a bleeding ear.

"Anybody else care to call me?" said Ottenhausen, as he swung two shiny weapons again towards the crowd.

The furnace-keeper opened the vent, and a smoking stream of slag flowed forth. A single blast of the whistle, and the top-filler lowered the bell. A pillar of flaming gas showed thirty sullen faces and one face calm and determined.

"Open the iron notch, you fellows," snapped Ottenhausen, indicating three men by as many pokes of a revolver barrel.

Two men bare to the waist hammered with heavy sledges until steel bars were slowly forced into the hard clay which sealed the lower gate of the furnace. The earthen stopper became a glowing shell. The men drew back. The third man stepped to one side, plunged an iron bar into the furnace's mouth, and gave it a quick turn. A fiery flood issued from the notch, and poured along the channel of sand, hissing and roaring and sending forth rays of blinding light. It separated into scores of branches as it reached the sandy bed of open molds. The white glare changed to a crimson flush, and then the cast-house was illumined by a glow which grew fainter and fainter. Darkness came where there had been light. The men shoveled sand over the tracery of iron. Cut off the blast! Slow the engines down! Stop up that iron notch!" were the commands of Ottenhausen, given in quick succession.

The men lost no time in obeying him.

"I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN WHO DISOBEYS ORDERS."

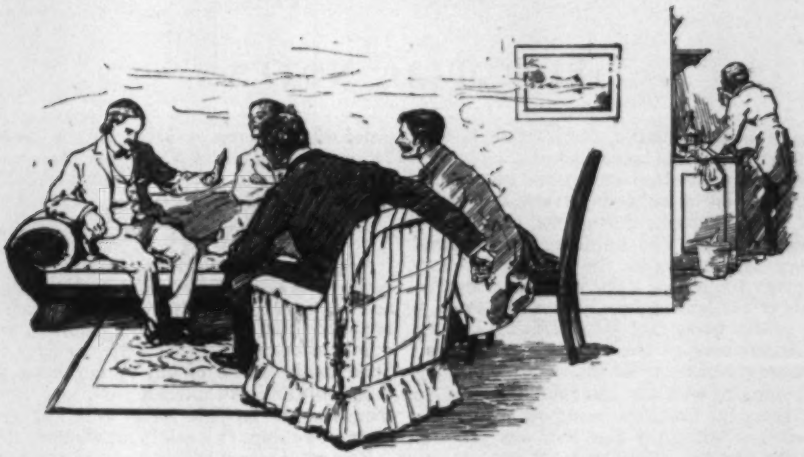
Standing with his back to a mass of iron, Ottenhausen saw the form of James Hunt. Behind the superintendent were a score of men in dress suits, and further back Ottenhausen beheld several young women. He caught a glimpse of the girl who had clung to the sapling that September afternoon. Their eyes met. Then Ottenhausen turned again to the work which he had in hand. The report of the pistol had set the house party at Eagle's Nest in an uproar. Hunt started for the scene, and his guests followed him.

"Only a little unpleasantness," remarked Ottenhausen to the superintendent. "We're getting along all right now."

James Hunt, being an altogether discreet person, stood back and permitted Ottenhausen to finish a most disagreeable task. The young women were sent back to the house. The men in dress suits were with them.

"Now, men," said Ottenhausen, "we're getting things in shape again. Suppose a couple of you take out that tuyere."

There was almost a cheerful alacrity in the way in which the men now obeyed Ottenhausen's orders. The tuyere, with its nozzle and cut water pipes, was taken out. The section of the jacket was removed. Sledges and crowbars, manipulated by strong, albeit unwilling, arms, soon broke away the mass of iron which had choked the front of the aperture. Another tuyere was fitted, the water connections made, and the jacket replaced. A cooling stream was soon coursing through a new nozzle, and not many



"THEY TRIED TO . . . TELL HIM THAT HE WAS A HERO."

minutes had gone before the hot blast was roaring through the tall tower.

"Go back to work," said Ottenhausen. "I'll stay here until the new gang comes on, and then we'll see what's to be done about it."

"Well," said James Hunt, who again appeared upon the scene, "you won't always be a chemist. As for me, I rather think I have something to explain. The president of the company was down here, and saw the whole business. Confound house parties, anyway."

He of the Red-Ox group of anarchists and several of the ring-leaders disappeared on the following morning. Others were discharged. Discipline was restored at Laird's Furnace, and James Hunt once more held the reins. As for Ottenhausen, he didn't see that he had done anything remarkable. They tried to talk to him about it and to tell him that he was a hero, but he only smiled and said that he did what anybody else would have done under the circumstances; and as to the girl who laughed, he would hear nothing from her on the subject of furnace-men and tuyere No. 3. The incident with regard to that mule seemed to have been entirely forgotten.

In the top of a tall building in Columbus there is a door bearing a porcelain label which reads: "General Manager." Behind that door sits Carl Ottenhausen, who now directs the destinies of the Mingo Coal and Iron Company. He owns a handsome house in the West End which puts Eagle's Nest to shame. There presides over that household a blue-eyed woman whose very look is merriment. Those two had an anniversary the other day; it really doesn't matter how long they had been married. When the guests had gone, Mrs. Ottenhausen rested a hand upon her husband's shoulder, and looked up into his eyes.

"Do you know when I first fell in love with you?" she asked. "I've never told you, you know. I said I would some day."

"Why," replied Ottenhausen, "I had always supposed that you were impressed by my gentle demeanor when I threatened to do wholesale murder down there at Laird's Furnace. You didn't suppose that I'd actually do all that said I would, did you?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't then," replied the woman, with a merry laugh. "It was when I saw that disreputable mule throw you over his head."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH the February number, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was four years and nine months old. Its growth in circulation has been steady and marvelous. During the first nine months the average monthly edition was 24,565 copies ; during the next twelve months it was 47,624. The following year showed a gain of very nearly 100,000, the average monthly edition being 147,109 copies. The year following this showed a gain of 111,000 copies a month, the average edition per month being 258,356. During the last twelve months the average has been 277,677 copies.

A still greater contrast can be shown by comparing the first four months with the last four, the average circulation during the first four being 18,508 copies, while the average during the last four was 312,814. The edition for October, 1895, was 125,000 copies ; the edition for December, 1895, two months later, was 250,000 ; this extraordinary gain was made on account of the "Life of Lincoln." During the last few months the growth in subscriptions has been unparalleled in the history of the magazine. For weeks, subscriptions ran daily into the thousands ; one day the total was 3,800.

HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR'S SUFFERINGS IN TIBET

The London "Chronicle" recently published a vivid description of the torture inflicted in Tibet on Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the British explorer, and his two faithful Hindu servants.

The victims were bound naked to a tree and slashed and bruised, the cords cutting deep into their wrists and ankles. Mr. Landor's eyes were burned with red-hot irons, to the permanent impairment and almost the complete loss of sight. The hot irons were held just close enough to the eyes not to touch the skin, with the result that they were withered and shriveled, the Tibetans deeming this more painful than instantly burning out the eyeballs. Mr. Landor was bound for hours on a rack, and twisted and wrenched out of all semblance to a man. He was made to ride eighty miles on a saddle stuck full of spikes.

The particular desire of the torturers was to draw from their victims some expression of pain. Day after day their barbarities were repeated, but no sign of feeling were they able to extract. Moreover, never for a moment during all the horrible time did Landor forget his photographs and sketches. Up to the moment of his capture he had kept his diary complete. After that time each hour was impressed with hideous vividness upon his mind. His outfit was taken away from him, but it has now been given back, and his precious diary and maps of surveys are secure. An article by Mr. Landor describing these cruel experiences, as well as his explorations in Tibet, illustrated from his own photographs, is in preparation for the magazine.

THE NEW BOOK BUSINESS.

No less remarkable than the success of the magazine has been the success of our book business, which was begun in October, 1897. The three months ending December 31st not only showed the business well established, but that it had made an actual cash profit. Nearly a quarter of a million volumes had been manufactured and mostly sold before January 1, 1898 ; many of the books had gone into several editions.

We have to thank the readers of the magazine for much of the support given to the book business. During the month of December the orders received directly from our own readers for our books amounted to about 11,000 volumes.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

We have started out to publish books which we believe will interest readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and we have planned so that they can examine our books at their leisure without expense, and can then purchase or return the volumes as they may decide. Send us the name of any of our book publications that you think will interest you ; and we will deliver them free, to be paid for or returned as you decide after a few days (a week is satisfactory to us).

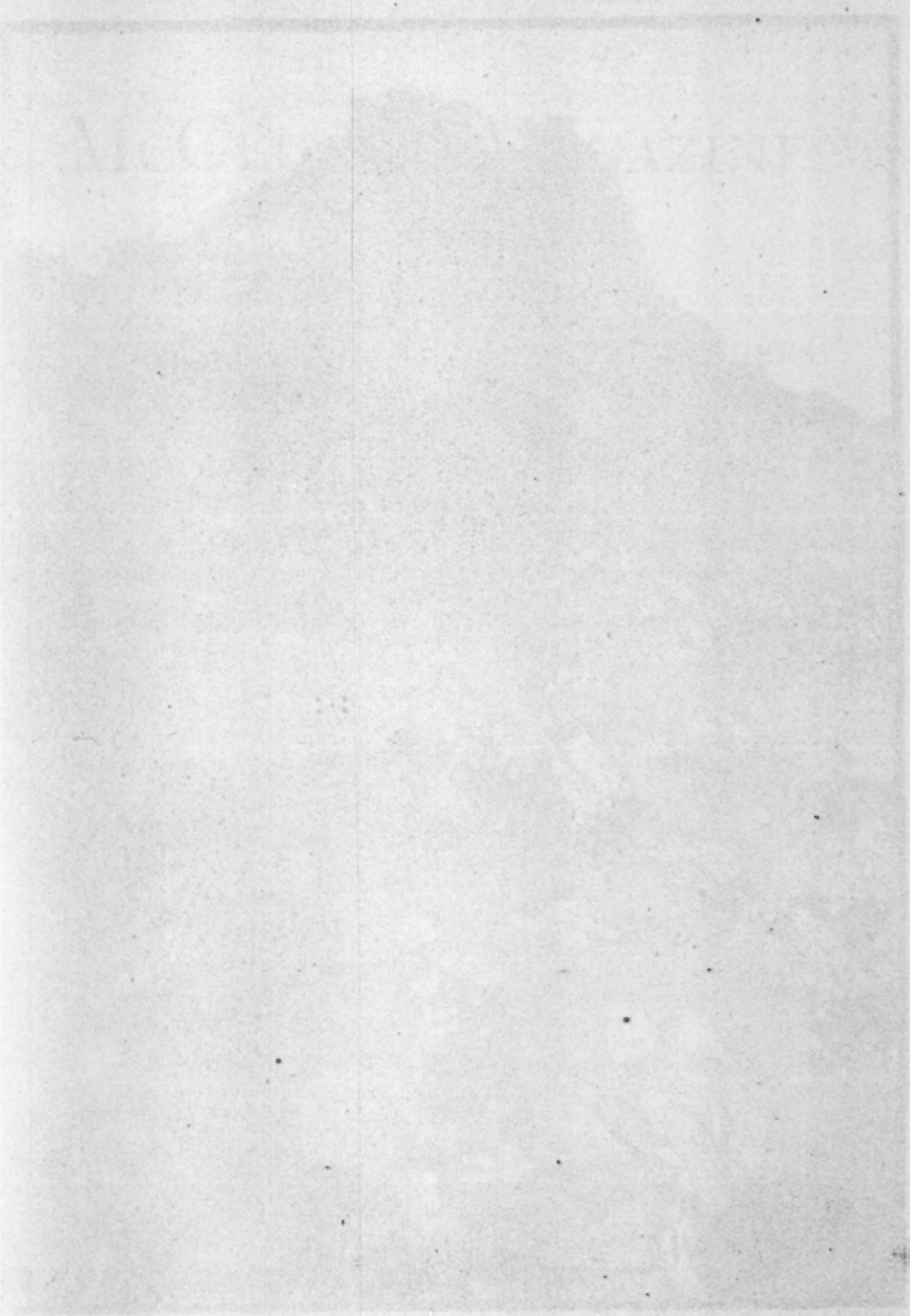
The most recent achievement of the book company is the securing of Henry George's new book, together with the plates and stock of "Progress and Poverty" and all of Mr. George's earlier books. We are about to publish an adequate and fitting memorial edition of these works in ten volumes, including a biography of the author by his son, Henry George, Jr.

THE SHAKESPEARE SET.

Out of the sale of our "Shakespearean Library" has grown a new notion—the forming of Shakespearean clubs, for the reading and study of the great dramatist, of whom Ruskin says, "The intellectual measure of every man may be assigned to him according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." We began by preparing a pamphlet entitled "How to Organize a Shakespeare Club," which we send without charge to those who ask for it. This booklet is practical, and has led to the gathering together of people in many communities for the study of Shakespeare. They needed further a book to guide their studies and to answer questions, to suggest subjects for papers and debates, to explain unusual words and phrases—in fact, they needed a book the like of which did not exist. We have undertaken to make it in a volume entitled

"HOW TO STUDY SHAKESPEARE,"

prepared by Mr. William H. Fleming, one of the editors of the exhaustive Bankside Shakespeare and a scholar thoroughly familiar with the needs of clubs and individuals. Mr. Fleming has been fortunate also in securing the coöperation of Dr. W. J. Rolfe, probably the best known of American Shakespeare scholars, to help by his advice and suggestions and to write an introduction to the book. The volume will be ready at once, bound in two editions, one uniform with our "Shakespearean Library" and one in a larger form.

NEW "LITTLE MASTERPIECES" VOLUMES.

In this series, edited by Professor Bliss Perry of Princeton, we have set ourselves the task of making a fine book at the lowest possible price. The minimum price is fixed at thirty cents for the cloth binding. The character of the book-making speaks for itself. Three volumes are now about ready, devoted to the most characteristic writings or speeches of Franklin, Lincoln, and Webster. This series has already been adopted at Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Chicago University. "Bird Neighbors" also, besides proving very popular with the general reading public, is being adopted by a number of town and city boards of education.